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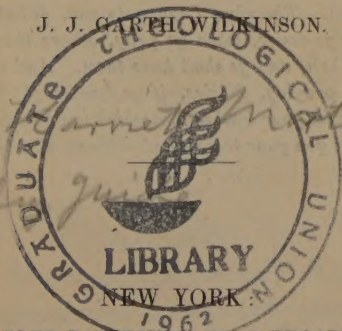
IMPROVISATIONS

FROM

THE SPIRIT.

BY

J. J. GARTH VILKINSON.



CHARLES PARTRIDGE, 346-8 BROADWAY.

1857.

“ For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea ; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass ; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any : that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.”—Mark xi. 23—25.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY MITCHELL AND SON, WARDOUR STREET (W.)

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Dedicated
to
My Wife.

17533

CONTENTS.

	page
<i>Care</i>	1
<i>Sleep</i>	3
<i>Peace</i>	5
<i>The Living Love</i>	7
<i>Patience</i>	8
<i>Solitude</i>	12
<i>A Landscape</i>	15
<i>Sand-eating</i>	17
<i>The Birth of Adam</i>	20
<i>The Birth of Eve</i>	24
<i>Astrology</i>	28
<i>The Four Beasts and the Four and Twenty Elders</i>	31
<i>Horse of Flesh</i>	34
<i>Life</i>	37
<i>The proud hath said in his heart, There is no God</i>	39
<i>Memory</i>	42
<i>Hahnemann</i>	47
<i>Mesmer</i>	54
<i>Healing</i>	59

	page
<i>Chloroform : what of it ?</i>	60
<i>Sir Robert Peel</i>	63
<i>England</i>	69
<i>E. B.</i>	75
<i>The Birth of Aconite</i>	77
<i>The White Lily</i>	80
<i>A Wife's Message</i>	85
<i>W. M. W.</i>	89
<i>E. W.</i>	90
<i>Teddy's Flower</i>	93
<i>Saturday Night</i>	96
<i>The Vala</i>	<i>ib.</i>
<i>The Fairies' Welcome</i>	99
<i>The Dance of Life</i>	105
<i>The Spirit</i>	108
<i>The English Language</i>	112
<i>Icelandic</i>	116
<i>The Holy Spirit descended like a Dove</i>	118
<i>Sebastopol : what of it ?</i>	124
<i>The Human Ear</i>	125
<i>The Human Eye</i>	130
<i>Song : its divine birth</i>	135
<i>Gentleness</i>	140
<i>Turner : Painter. His State</i>	146
<i>Turner : Painter. His Art</i>	149
<i>William S.</i>	153
<i>Mary S.</i>	159
<i>The Traveller</i>	166
<i>Thorvaldsen</i>	172
<i>Newness</i>	175
<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	178
<i>1857</i>	184

	page
<i>East Wind</i>	185
<i>Daily Bread</i>	187
<i>Fearfulness</i>	190
<i>Rome : Pope</i>	191
<i>Napoleon to Napoleon</i>	193
<i>Napoleon I. ; what of him ?</i>	195
<i>Corpse Candles</i>	197
<i>The Fay-Soul</i>	201
<i>Edward Francis Finden</i>	205
<i>Berzelius : his Laboratory</i>	209
<i>The Lawyers : what of them ?</i>	215
<i>The Fairy Veils</i>	217
<i>Harebells</i>	221
<i>Two Verses for E...</i>	222
<i>Tegnér</i>	223
<i>The Diamond</i>	229
<i>The Fairy Wand</i>	230
<i>William M.</i>	237
<i>Immanuel Kant</i>	242
<i>Gothic Architecture</i>	249
<i>How can we sing the Lord's Song in a strange Land</i>	255
<i>Charles Fourier</i>	256
<i>The Hand</i>	263
<i>Uncertainty</i>	268
<i>Chatterton</i>	271
<i>James Robinson</i>	275
<i>Death's Immortal Light</i>	276
<i>Be Patient</i>	283
<i>Sunday Message</i>	<i>ib.</i>
<i>The Earth Worm at the root of the Tree</i> ..	286
<i>Dalton</i>	<i>ib.</i>

	page
<i>Kings</i>	293
<i>Remorse</i>	<i>ib.</i>
<i>The Word</i>	299
<i>Madness</i>	301
<i>Sanity</i>	306
<i>The Birthday of the Human Soul</i>	312
<i>The Mark on the Forehead: what of it?</i> ..	313
<i>The Palm</i>	316
<i>Little Love's Throne</i>	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Liston</i>	318
<i>The Young Artist</i>	325
<i>The First Day</i>	327
<i>Little Love</i>	331
<i>M. J. W.: her tenth birthday</i>	336
<i>E. M. N.</i>	340
<i>Amen</i>	343
<i>Little Evening Message</i>	344
<i>The Lay of Worldly Wine</i>	346
<i>Tiny Evening Message</i>	354
<i>Have Faith</i>	355
<i>The Second Völuspá</i>	356
<i>A little Message for my Wife</i>	371
<i>Charlotte Brontë</i>	374
<i>John Flaxman</i>	380
<i>The Tears of Swedenborg</i>	383
<i>She that bore thee</i>	390
<i>Note</i>	397

IMPROVISATIONS.

Care.

Look on this slab ; it lieth,
Ready for each that dieth,
And underneath its way,
Gropeth a pilgrim grey.

He hath no scrip nor store,
His cup once mantled o'er ;
But in his hand the wine
Mouldered beneath his whine.

And so in coming here,
Just underneath the bier,
He met with hunger's doom,
And courted poor man's gloom.

They told him heaven was there,
And pointed shaft for prayer,
But he was fearful lest
Want should his home infest.

He would insure his life,
Past Providence's knife,
And be so safe from God,
As not to dread his rod.

So had no time to pray,
Or out from self to stray,
But kept his own accounts,
Of all his earth amounts.

Daybook and ledger, too,
Were stuck to him with glue
Of want and stickiness
That come from will's recess.

And as his grave is next
Place to his shop, perplexed,
He lives within its cave,
And there his shop doth have.

And when his wares run short,
And when his imps do sport,

Anxious, his grandfather
Round him doth others gather.

And they all moan at nights,
Thinking of losses, frights,
Perturbing days, ships sunk,
Debtors to ruin shrunk.

Such is the carking care ;
It dieth of fresh air :
Liveth in mine and cave,
And is one human grave.

Sleep.

FOR MY WIFE.

SLEEP is a field, most level :
Softness doth roam and revel
In wind with velvet finger
Over its grass, where linger
Down of all birds of heaven ;
Stillness of dawn and even.

And level 'tis, because
In its most smoothest pause,
'Tis canvass for intention
Of heaven's most kind invention :
For dreams more sweet than life
Bears in day's coarser strife.

Its levelness is kept
By all Health's gardeners : swept
By cleanness of all kinds,
And by Strength's ruddy hinds :
And molehills of old care
Have on its lawn no share.

But loving virtue's roller
Is of that ground controller ;
And conscience plucketh weeds
When first they leave their seeds :
Religion soweth grass
Brighter than ever was.

Then when the plane's complete,
And when the night-times meet,
Spirits of dream-land troop,
Lay down the golden hoop,
And in its limits fine
Pour spiritual wine.

Straightway the beds of slumbers
Heave with plant-music's numbers,
And drama of live forms
Bursts from the teeming swarms :
And sleep is revelation,
Life's inward preparation.

And thou mayst know thy waking,
By light from sleepland breaking,
Thy marriage and thy house,
If golden are thy vows :
And what shall be the power
That rules the next day's hour.

Peace.

PEACE is a twin that roveeth round the world :
Two twins is peace with two bright wreaths
impearled :
There is the peace that cometh after war,
And liveth most secure from evil's scar,
And this bright peace hath feet that once
have bled,
And rubies rise for every drop she shed.

The other peace hath heaven for her home :
She lives above the wars ; beyond their
dome.

Her mansion is the heart all unpollute,
And nature is not hers, but as a flute
In which she soundeth from afar her tones,
As good to-morrow in fair evening moans.

These twins are one : because the battle peace
Into the heavenly calmness doth surcease :
And like two doves, the body of the skies
Calls up the lower sister with her eyes,
And the twain marry for good men at last,
And then both peace and battle peace are
past.

A white-robed angel is in both their stead,
Earth is his foot, and heaven his glorious
head :

The kingdom then hath come, the will is
done :

The Prince of Peace is settled on earth's
throne :

And then the stars are wreathed in newer
form,

And the cloud ventures forth without the
storm.

The Living Love.

THE mystery of the living Love
Is not of human origin :
It broodeth from its home above,
And from its heaven within.

And still from eve to morn it lives
Wherever life is true ;
And best within the heart it thrives,
When heart the truth doth woo.

And furthermore, it entereth far
Where pain hath fixed her seat,
And warmeth sorrow's chilly star
With its peculiar heat.

And it is near in time of grief,
When sickness strikes the face ;
And it doth clasp us, and relief
Is its benign embrace.

For who is living Love, I pray,
And where is such Love found ?
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way :
He is the Saviour crowned.

Lord, shew me PATIENCE from the spirit ground :
That I may know its holy temper's round.

Patience.

WANDER, and see how far
Star is away from star ;
Mysteriously they live,
Far from each other thrive,
And when their evening comes,
The light of prayer outblossoms.

And so thy course of being,
Is far from others seeing :
All men are far from all,
Distance doth round them fall :
'Tis the star-mantle still :
The gulf of heavenly will.

Moreover, breadth of line
Doth around being twine :
To show that out of order
Springeth each being's border,
And that the vine of God,
Bears all things on its rod.

And then again the way
That doth round being play,
Is blended with the form
That wraps all nature's swarm,
And multifold and free,
Stands the immensity.

And thus from out of life,
Rolleth the river rife,
That hath the mission swift
To bear all things their gift,
And to confine to man
The circle of his scan.

So that the web and woof
Which is all beings' proof,
Standeth in the intent
That God hath with it blent,
And the fixed palm of him
Keepeth his seraphim.

And from the whole of things,
And from all eyes of wings,
And from all thoughts of hearts,
And from all error's smarts,
And from all sins forgiven,
Works forth the patient heaven.

It is the ass Christ rode
Into the state of God :
And 'tis the vaulted back
That never yet was slack,
But did sustain intense
The weight of Providence.

And under it doth lie
The penitence on high :
The angels walk its bridge :
And mortals on the ridge
That it presents to hurry,
Drop over in their flurry.

But 'tis the deepest ground
That God hath planted round :
And 'tis the largest thing
That God hath made a king :
And it holds time and space
Rebuked by its face.

And in it all things root,
And heaven doth from out it shoot ;
For tissue 'tis of love,
That makes it solid prove :
And angels' bodies fine
Have patience in their wine.

What more : that patience is
The Lord of life and bliss :
It is the haste to wait
For bettering of state ;
The quickness to forgive,
And readiness to live.

Weave it into thy soul ;
Make of one web the whole :
Bearing thy burden's sorrow ;
Leaving thy soul's to-morrow.
Sufficient is each day
When patience is its ray.

Herbert's sphere
Beareth here
Patience tear.
Let it fall,
Slow and small ;
'Twill recall
Much and all.

Solitude.

I SEE it now : it lies¹ upon the plain,
Like the big drops of summer's pregnant
rain,
And o'er the city hovers, in the breeze,
And windeth like a river through the trees.

The darkness doth espy it where it lies :
And the night loveth it thro' many eyes :
And jewels of the morning come and play
Around the footsteps of its wintry way :

It is a shape in starry garments clad ;
It is a joy whose feet are ever sad :
And in its hand it holds a book of light,
Whose leaves are anthems of creation's
height.

The shape converts : it is a woman's heart,
Red with the dawnfire of the eldest smart :
And from its bosom run in ruddy river
Shapes fancy-fast, whose outstretched fin-
gers quiver.

It is the womb of things eternal, made
Thick, soft and strong out of light's blazing
shade :

Out of the dark that shines above creation,
And has for shadows, suns of every nation.

This is the solitude whose vacancy
Peoples eternal temples in the sky ;
Giving to all things meditation's mood ;
Space o'er all things for peace, first dove,
to brood.

The angels enter it with shoeless feet ;
It puts them back from mantle of their heat :
It is the closet larger than the heaven,
They enter in when prayer from God is given.

Amazement is its warder ; and deep sleep
Not far within doth all its lockers keep ;
For pressure of immensity full soon
Curdles the wanderer out of all minds' noon.

This is the mystery ; for not alone
Standeth the solitude of every throne :
Each sceptred might in heaven is nearest
then,
When sight is stilled within for mortal men.

The sky hath solitude for last embrace :
The oneness final hath no second face :
And perfect love is there, for pride is not
Where'er infinitude is every spot.

And love is solitude : it maketh one,
Where two before their separate course did
run :
Oneness is loneliness, thank God above :
And so the air of solitude is love.

And peace is solitude ; for where no fear
Can ever come, but gone is evil's rear,
There in the populous happiness peace
thrives,
And maketh oneness in all angel lives.

Thus solitude and multitude agree,
And even-eyedness of infinity
Reconciles qualities of seeming strife,
And makes our dark with many life-fires
rife.

Then think not God alone ; for vacancy
Hath no one speck in all infinity ;
His fulness is an allness ; and his love
Doth lie below thy mind, doth lie above.

And his great awfulness of solitude
Is but the nest of his creation's brood :
But in himself no loneliness is found :
No oneness, but the oneness of no bound.

His angels most and least alone, have life
Most social, and with deepest oneness rife :
Their path is ever through the ways eterne,
And more and more, twain into one they
burn.

A Landscape.

THE eve was filled with fire,
The darkening church-spire
Cast shadow far and thin,
And the trees far within,
Checquered and flecked with gold,
Evening's rich gauds did hold.

A cottage graced the way :
With roses it was gay :
An aged couple there
Tempted the pleasant air :

Sat in the front to see
Evening's serenity.

A wood was near the road :
Along which many a load
Of timber newly felled,
Carts of the country held,
And young lads, merry-tired,
Sang homewards many quired.

They sang old country-tunes,
Of harvest-homes, may-moons,
With such varieties
As suited their own prize ;
For each has country muse,
And each peculiar woos.

The lord and lady pass :
Figures for fancy's glass :
Palfrey that ambles round :
Steed with a knightly sound :
The rustical intent
Is wondering on them bent.

Night slowly drops her shades,
Browns deeper evening glades :

Candle on cottage hearth
Gives light to cottage worth,
And thro' the window-pane
Gleams frugal supper's reign.

Bible comes forth at last,
To brighten evening's waste :
And prayer steps down, to shed
Faith's light around the bed.
And the old couple lie
In childhood's dream on high.

Sand-eating.

EVER in the mouth of man,
That doth lie that hath a plan
To increase his body's store,
And expand his matter's shore.

So the grains of dust and sand,
Do within the heart expand,
Into wildernesses great,
Keeping of an arid state.

For the deserts of the world,
Round about the earth-heart furled,
Are from heaven's own law derived :
Come from souls in sand-sea shrived.

Into oceans of such sand,
Plunge and dive, and never land
From dust-waters' thirstiness,
Ages of mind's barrenness.

Oh ! how lips are cracked like stones,
Cracked and chapped down to the bones,
As they lie Memnonian
On great sand's horizon-scan.

Sand and they are blent in one,
Morning glares its sandy tune
From and to and through their gape,
Red hot and of glowing shape.

It is Egypt's doom I see,
Egypt-mouth is shewn to me,
Parched and sere and blind and deaf,
Mouth all senseless, withered leaf.

From such doom avert our way,
Bind the sand in sheaves of day,

Count it for a harvest, Lord,
That it be not still abhorred.

Give it not the sugar taste
To the demons of its waste,
But lead up red stalks of corn,
From its flint and dreariness born.

Let the water come from thee
To respond to corn ; and sea
Roll back coverlet of dust
From the footmarks of the just.

Then redeemēd Egypt stands,
Corn-robed from her golden sands,
And the Nile pours waves of light
Towards thy Holy Land and height.

And the ancient sciences
Bow their heads in cowed recess,
And in pyramidal ray,
Kneel around, and nightly pray.

It is the sphere
Of Cowper's tear.

I.

Lord, is there special theme this eve,
That spirit-muse were well to weave?

The birth of Adam is the first,
That hath within the day been nursed :
Take it unto thee; let it burst
Its spirit-bud, and watch the flower
That riseth in the gauzy hour.

The Birth of Adam.

FROM the rock a sound went forth :
'Twas an echo of the north :
On the sea much people stood :
'Twas the archangelic brood.

There was silver silence heard :
Sound as of creation's bird,
When with noiselessness of wing,
He doth wake the morning's string.

Ever and anon the noon
Glowed with deeper presence down,
And the archangelic band,
Matēd heart, and claspēd hand.

Came a finger o'er the sea,
Shoulder in eternity,

Where the palace infinite
Darkens with excess of light.

And it stooped to rock of earth,
Touched it with a loving girth ;
Spanned it betwixt finger span,
Where a lightning river ran.

Where a love-eternal ray
From each finger-tip did play,
And the rock between was changed,
Where the loving lightning ranged.

And the mood of many things,
Rose into the air on wings,
As the river-lightning ran,
Music in creation-plan.

Then the rock perceived its glow,
And the rock began to flow,
And the image of the skies,
Slowly from the rock did rise.

And the finger-tips alone,
Were applied unto the stone,
And the builded Adam rose,
Like a man of outward shows.

And the mystery now lay
In a second finger ray,
For the Adam incomplete,
Wanted all his bosom's heat.

So the fingers once again,
Sprinkled on a lightning rain :
And the mystery of love,
Through Adamic heart did move.

But the fingers wandered now
To his vacancy of brow,
And the place of thought was filled
With the light those fingers willed.

Then his feet were next correct :
And no station circumspect,
But was put within their palms,
Fit for terra firma's calms.

And his fingers, chosen joints,
That the oil of skill anoints,
Were the last completed tools :—
Over these the spirit rules.

So was Adam planned and made,
And his form and figure 'rayed

In the heaven, law after law,
In the firmamental jaw.

But no life was yet within :
For the heaven is but a skin :
And archangels are but flies,
Save for that within them lies.

So in wonder silences,
Moved in rest eternal breeze,
And did mould without all ken
Body-soul in spirit men.

And then Adam lived : and life
Rolled down orders' stages rife :
And the rock of earth that stood,
Sailed for time on primal flood.

II.

Q. Lord, shall I other song achieve ?

A. Yea : the next song is BIRTH OF EVE.

The Birth of Eve.

WITHIN interior things,
Lie innermost of all :
The life of living, springs
Forth at their earnest call :
The voice of God on earth,
Sounds from the heartfelt shore,
Where mystery hath worth,
And where life runneth o'er.

Eternal is the Word
That doth around thee quiver :
Its voice is never heard
Upon creation's river :
But on the banks of love,
Sitteth the Word and speaketh :
And from its eyes above,
All things below it seeketh.

Even as nature's law,
Unknown to nature's eye,
Ruleth with ancient Saw,
Spelt in eternity ;

So rules the Word in life,
In groves of living souls ;
And ignorant of strife,
Through chords of being rolls.

It is not meet to say
What love God bears to man :
He spread the tent of day,
As portal of his plan :
He made the heavenly arch,
As gable of his door,
He made the sky for march
Of humble souls and poor.

And he made love for man,
Helpmeet for man to have :
And Paradise began
With love's primeval wave :
The mystery of all things
Sailed chanting up to him :
And inmost of all rings,
His life alone was dim.

So then he groped around :
The lions knew their wives :
The plants upon the ground,
Had seed to break their gyves :

The fishes in the sea
Were not unwarm to love :
But Adam was not free ;
His arm was not to move.

And on a night he dreamed,
(Archangels knew his dream,)
That God above had beamed
Upon his hearty's stream :
And in his blood a car
Had sailed away from him :
And had become a star,
Twinkling in distance dim.

And then he clasp'd his hands,
And sighed unto the star ;
And from the golden sands
Where loves primeval are,
He sent a breath of hope
Of such aspiring size,
That the fair star did ope,
E'en in those distant skies.

And from its golden rim,
A red rain trickled down,
That spilt dear red on him,
And mantled all his crown :

And he fell on his knees,
In ecstasy of heart :
And he prayed God would please
To give him starry part.

So straightway down it came,
Down, down, in dream was long ;
And left behind it flame,
And shed before it song :
And as its hair came near,
And as its voice was heard,
The sound of nature's cheer,
Through all her dells was stirred.

And Adam knew the sign :
And started from his couch :
And Eve was there divine,
His blessing to avouch :
And in the bower of Eden
They wed the earth with sky,
And marriage so was laden
With loves' eternity.

And so the song of Eve,
Is hard to be construct ;
For mortal maidens grieve
If light is too instruct :

But she is Adam's bone,
The last of Adam's blood :
And she is heaven's great stone
On which the Saviour stood.

And she shall have her rights,
Born new from age to age :
And she shall miss her plights,
And she shall fire the sage,
And blood and bone is man,
That wars for woman's side :
And in Redemption's Plan
She is Redemption's Bride.

Astrology.

THE moonlight riseth up ;
There is no moon :
Heaven is an empty cup :
Upset night's noon.

A shadow stealeth on :
A vapoury man :
His eyes and ears are gone :
His neck is wan.

He casteth shadow's fear :
He mutters much :
He hath a serpent spear,
And a dog pouch.

He hath a poison bowl :
His arms are skins :
And out of his sad jowl
A chant begins.

'Tis incantation's song :
The moonlight hears it :
The arrow of his tongue
Pierces and shears it.

The poisoned moonlight curdles :
The star-wands shiver :
And in the magic hurdles
Imps run a river.

Death's heads leap frantic,
And kiss for teeth :
They bite in moony antic :
They form a wreath.

Death's zodiac comes :
Sin's hours are there :
The music thrums and thrums
All sprites to scare.

Magician is at home :
Spell worketh hard :
Under its sooty dome
Sitteth a bard.

He tells of fascination ;
And sings of signs :
And of the transmutation
Of watery lines.

Day cometh to the ring :
Light murders all :
Moonlight no more can fling
A moonless pall.

Devils are brought to book :
To common sense :
Their wanderings are shook,
And their pretence.

Matter is whipped for sin,
For astrologic folly :
Magic hath lost its skin :
It sleeps on holly.

The Four Beasts and the Four and Twenty Elders.

HOLY, holy, holy, sang the beasts :
Heaven was underneath them : all the feasts
Of the love and wisdom of the skies
Underneath the mighty Paradise
Of the beasts within the throne, are given :
Underneath the beasts Divine is heaven.

List a marvel : man is man indeed :
Man is man from his own members greed :
But still within him lies a deeper deep,
And in his open eyelids lies a sleep,
And in his breath there lies a covert heart,
And in his being God hath secret part.

Within the throne of God, man is not man :
Another world hath still another scan :

A brightness lies repositied away
That is not night, nor ever is it day :
It is the willingness to be both things :
That willingness hath the Creator's wings.

And so the beast divine above the man,
Works cherub-like its own interior plan :
And reason in it is the cosmic force ;
And will within it is the watercourse ;
And soul within it is the fire of fire :
And it hath all creation's wonder-tiar.

The magic day of man hath no ring here :
The wand of little power o'er waters clear,
Breaks short when coming to the beasts
above ;
The elders to its challenge never move :
The skies have those four beasts within
their rack,
The quarters of the divine zodiac.

Trust not thyself ; but let the river's light
Of holy, holy, holy, from its height
Ray through thee, and adopt thee, and
transform thee,
And let the mountains' rivers' glowing warm
thee,

And carry thee beyond the elders' voice,
To the throne centre where the beasts
rejoice.

The likeness of a Man upon the throne,
A Son of Man, doth give thee back thine
own :

Be as a beast before him : eat thy grass :
Look on thy mirrored face in water's glass :
Gender thy kind as faithful as fool-beasts,—
In heaven thy board shall grow with hea-
venly feasts.

For faith and love and life and will and
strength,
And earth and sea and joy and breadth and
length,
Are all create, the animals of God,
And they all come with cries, a holy flood :
And man receives his manhood from the day
That the four beasts within him pray their
pray.

This night the song that doth belong,
Is state of man, when he doth plan
To sing for pride, and high to ride.

Horse of Flesh.

Tho' angels tread the skies
With ever new surprize,
And blend with scenes of wonder,
The music of heaven's thunder
Is caught in gentle tones,
Pealing through angel zones,
And waketh softest joys
Where no proud care alloys.

The first of music there
Is the sweet sigh of prayer.
It cometh like a breeze,
And stirreth Eden's trees,
And like a ripple trembles,
And like a bell assembles
Hosts of the spirit men,
And marshalleth them then.

When they are gathered round,
Attentive to the sound,

And hands are clasped, and voices
Of each one that rejoices,
Are blent in melody,
As in a peaceful sea,
Then one strong lyre of angel
Readeth forth song's evangel.

The rest are silent then ;
And when all say Amen,
Amen in burdens bright
Descends on every sight ;
And with the light comes sound,
And with the sound comes swound,
And in the swound comes verse,
That one and all rehearse.

The globe of poets then,
The choir of angel-men,
Each sing a different song,
That doth to each belong,
Yet the songs one and all,
Are of a single call,
And make one body free,
Doth with itself agree.

Then in society,
Rises an anthem high,

'Tis as a perfume cast
From all flowers far and fast ;
And every fibre heaves
With perfume in its leaves,
And every part doth thrill
With perfume from its will.

But when men sing on earth,
Song hath no heavenly birth.
'Tis bred and born alone,
Within the bosom's stone ;
Comes from the lyre of one,
And not from unison ;
And on the horse of pride,
With vizor down doth ride.

This is the horse of flesh ;
Its hoof is in a mesh
Of swampy wants and wishes :
It hath the tail of fishes :
Cold in reality ;
Hot in mere fantasy :
It dreams of heavens of singing :
But hell is in it springing.

Now then choose well the choir
That hath the numerous lyre ;

The song with fellows mated,
By others' songs completed ;
And let the horse of flesh
Be lifted from the mesh :
For heaven is melody,
And is society.

Lord, give me spirit-song to-night.
And give the theme I should indite.

Thou shalt sing well, if faith be true,
And LIFE the theme is given you.

Life.

LIFE, life, life,—oh, what is life ?
'Tis the seed-field of the strife :
We sow in its dreary mould,
And the heart then groweth cold.

Life, life, life, what good of life ?
To old ease 'tis murder-knife :
It doth kill oblivion's charm,
And makes conscience up and arm.

Life, life, life, the speckled thing,
Snake in self-contorted ring,

'Tis a golden hoop of earth,
Head and tail are death and birth.

Wend thee out of this foul cycle,
To the dragon call thy Michael,
Let his crest have morning on it :
Change the keynote of thy sonnet.

Life, life, life, great choral glee,
Danceth forth to welcome thee ;
Thou art thy Lord's precious cup,
To him wine be offered up.

Melancholy is a phantom,
Pride, an eggless, henless bantam :
Sentiment, safe courage-fed,
Phosphorescence from the dead.

Life is no putrescent pond ;
Life is ever life beyond ;
Life is moving, moves to God,
As ocean-tides to the moon's rod.

Life is love, and cheerfulness
Is the central God-fire's dress.
This the basal song for thee.—
Cultivate the spirit-glee.

The proud hath said in his heart,
There is no God.

SOVEREIGN is the wilderness to him,
Where the light of pride and selfish whim
Doth engender beauty's harlot dress,
And the warmth of inward wickedness.

There are lions in the crags of air :
Pride doth hear them ; and with empty
stare,
Claims them for his subjects ; but their jaws
Are the witnesses of evil's flaws.

And within the desolation old,
Of the ruined cities of God's fold,
Birds of night do keep their foreign state,
And feed pride with hootings long and great.

But a spirit cometh o'er the sea,
And the garment of his panoply
Is a jewel soft around him flowing,
And from out his mouth a speech is going.

Come, he says, my little children dear,
See the wilderness is dire and drear,

But away, where cities are not seen,
Flocks I lead on pleasant pastures green.

And with crook in hand that Ancient One
Leadeth forth a band from Satan won,
Where the river is not red with sin,
But the light of holy love within,
With the water hath a willing kin.

Then the city left doth crumble more :
And the bitterness of its screaming core,
Tears its solitude with cruel sounds,
While the lion roareth all his rounds.

Wander to the night-time, city vast :
Speed to chaotic places : troop in haste
To the red halls of vacancy that lie
Far shovelled down in hell's prolixity.

Thou art the atheist of the world, and thou
Hast earth for star and seal upon thy brow ;
And ruin is thy garment, and thy head
The loss of death unto the second dead.

Summer is on thee : ruin's summer heat :
Spring hath been thine : the spring of ill
effete :

Thy autumn and thy winter shall be fed
With nothingness by hunger's oldest tread.

Come out of her, my people, purge the life
That made the heart of man an impious
knife,

To cut the sight and love that fly to God ;
And leave her to the times of level sod.

She shall be sown with men again, when he
Compleateth compass of his mercy free,
And ages of man's dust shall hinder not
The purge of heaven upon that city's blot.

It is the sphere
Of Shelley's tear,
That wanders by
In fruitless sigh,
And asks the wind
To ease his mind.

Memory.

ENDLESS morning striveth
From the breast of God :
Endless beauty liveth,
Budding from his rod :
And the powers of darkness,
Crouching in their caves,
Feel the mighty starkness
Of old evil's waves.

For the breath creating
Wanders forth from God ;
And all beings mating,
Is their beauty's rod :
And in hours of fasting,
Still they look to him ;
And their faith is tasting
Light in coverts dim.

So therefore the centre
Of the creature life,
Where the Lord doth enter,
With his blessings rife,

Is the morning glory
Of the creature's soul ;
And the moving story
Doth around it roll.

Witness of creation,
Record of the stars,
Signet of each station
Where the good man wars,
Warder still is kept,
On a present throne :
He hath never slept,
Since he was alone.

He is memory mighty :
He is memory's star :
And his pen is weighty ;
And his tablets are
Disks of starry sand,
Spread from heaven to heaven,
Where the ground is spanned
By the justice even.

On that sea of sand
Words arise to view :
Mountains on the land
Of the good and true ;

They arise in ridges
From the substance fires :
And they are the bridges
Of the world's desires.

And those mountains old
Are the eldest hills ;
And from summits cold,
Run down judgment-rills :
From the crags of granite
Which the heaven has loved,
Where the lightnings span it
In the halls unroved.

And upon the slopes
Of memorial mounts,
There do gush forth hopes
In immortal founts ;
And the hopes up there,
Not like water here,
End in fires of prayer,
That to heaven do rear.

And from out the hills,
Stones are hewn for time ;
Blocks of wants and wills
Full of memory's chime ;

For the morning stars,
When they sang together,
Brought their music bars,
And did stow them hither.

And so substance each,
On those hills that lies,
In its heart doth teach,
God's great mysteries ;
And the ruby bricks
Of the human blood,
Have of old been wicks
In God's halls that stood.

This is then for sure,
That past human ken,
All things shall endure,
Tending down to men :
For the veriest stones
Of the temple grand,
Deep, are but the tones
Of God's morning band.

Memory cometh hence,
That the earliest light,
Dawn of Providence
Into nothing's night,

Kept recording ray,
Secretarial beam,
That no word might stray
Down a lessening stream.

And so the Immortal
Deeper is than stars :
Memory's but the portal
Of more memory's bars :
Far within the heaven,
On the ruby mounts,
Memory's pen is given,
Memory's scribe recounts.

Goodness is the thing
That doth memory make :
Its immortal wing
Doth oblivion break :
Then Truth cometh first ;
Seizeth memory's line :
And in glory nurst,
Pours on the divine.

Consciousness is so,
In its inward sea,
But the august glow
Of the good and free ;

Of the true and brave
In their heavens secure :
And its downward wave
Is our memory poor.

But the ancient halls,
Ancestors of ours,
Where our memory calls
To the heavenly powers,
Stand beneath the throne,
Filled with wise and good ;
And they truly own
Memory's whitest rood.

"For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."—*Matt vii. 8.*

Hahnemann.

WELL was the wayside trodden :
The leathern bag was full :
The weary feet were sodden :
The heavy heart was dull :

I entered on the courses
Where millions entered too ;
And they all had their horses :
I only had one shoe.

At length I cut a stick
From out a liberal hedge :
And with that aid, more quick
Through the long mud did dredge :
I came unto an inn,
Where landlord's face was kind :
And for a time, within
Did peace and pleasure find.

But on a day it chanced,
Just as the sun was risen,
And as the night entranced
Was ta'en back to its prison,—
I went out very early,
And wandered in the field :
The grass was heavenly pearly :
And diamond glance did yield.

It spoke unto my glances,
And said that nature's laws
Were real fairy dances,
And that the only cause

Why men missed all the meaning
That grows in everything,
Is that they're overweening,
And each would be a king.

And so as cause so small is,
So delicate and dear,
And as rude man so tall is,
Of course he cannot hear
The voices of the buttercups,
Or cheerings of the firs :
But over his hot stuttercups
His rampant highness stirs.

To breakfast I went home then,
And on the table, lo,
A thing that made me roam then
In wonder's farthest glow :
A wizard sure had sent it,
Or a fay left it there ;
Or else a spirit lent it
In answer to a prayer.

It was a cup of waters,
And as I looked therein,
I saw the land of slaughters,
And saw the knife of sin :

The board was board no longer,
But it was world at large,
And I was angel-stronger
Than all my wishes marge.

I took the cup and broke it,
And as its fragments fell,
The truth ran down : I spoke it :
I do remember well :
I said : " Now, God ! pray hear me !
And let my voice be thine !
For thou art ever near me,
And thou alone divine.

And now my doom is chosen :
I see my future plant :
My life is all unfrozen :
And thy life is my want.
Give, Lord, another vessel,
To hold another drop,
And staunch up the blood-wassail,
And every blood-song stop."

Then my foot parted thence,
And now another road,
Led past a second fence
With myrtles well bestowed :

I put my hand forth there,
And lo ! into my palm,
A myrtle chaplet rare
Came uncompelled and calm.

Unmoved by pride or thought,
I put it on my head :
And now my way was naught,
I lost all travel-dread :
Miles were no more to me,
Than wishes to my mind :
And I looked forth to see
That all the grass was kind.

Upon a certain even,
It had no date on earth,
My weariness was grieved,
For it again took birth :
And I lay down to slumber
Upon a bed of thyme :
And there I did encumber
The earth with weary rhyme.

I dreamt I saw a fairy,
And laughed for very joy :
His manners were so airy,
And all his foot so coy :

And he came playing round me,
And said, "My mighty sir,
You very much astound me
If now a line you stir!"

"Soon seen," I tried to say,
But sure enough 'twas true :
My voice had passed away,
And nothing but a coo
Of inward wishing shook me,
As I essayed to speak :
And then the fairy strook me,
And said I was not weak.

He took me to a dell
Deep down in violet-heavens,
Where beauty hath a swell
That outward beauty leavens ;
And in the arms of roses,
I saw great nature's heart,
And how her frame reposes
On innocency's part.

And this was revelation
Of healthful import free :
And spoke regeneration
To all the human tree :

The land of love's first temple,
Where health for man is found :
For there all meats are simple,
And every heart is sound.

My fairy came full often :
His blest instruction stood :
His small inflúx could soften
All touch of flesh and blood :
The least of error's sourness :
The least of poison's sting :
The least of nature's pooriness
Was written in his ring.

My fairy was two-eyed,
Love was in his right gleam :
And poison was its bride
That from the left did stream :
The serpent taken up,
As Christ said it should be,
And made a brazen cup
Of health's wild ministry.

And now for last of lay :
Hahnemann standeth here :
His mission comes to-day,
Founded upon his bier.

He died to your world's truth,
And other truth put on :
And since, heaven has his youth,
And his old age is gone.

Mesmer.

UPON a bank I lay,
And waited till the day
Strook me with yellow ray.

And there I saw a light,
That had a birdlike flight,
And had a radiance white.

It played upon my brow.
I felt I know not how :
It was a heavenly plough.

It left not as it found me :
It came for work to sound me ;
And with new voice did wound me.

I asked it what it meant :
A finger-tip it sent,
And o'er my lips it went.

I was as dumb as beast :
I saw not in the least :
Yet was mine eye increased.

And on another day,
I felt a second ray,
Most like a child at play.

It was so heavenly fair :
It nestled in my hair,
And wove gold tissue there.

And as my hand I placed,
My very hand it graced,
And slid down to my waist.

And dropt a girdle there :
The light of gems was rare :
Sheen was in all mine air.

And on a third time, lo !
I felt more general glow :
Light came like tropic snow.

Snow where the clime white hot
Seetheth in love's great lot,
And diamond-ice hath plot.

And then I felt a heat
That cold could never beat,
And lived within fire's feet.

But all this time, a son
Was born a race to run,
And a new goal was won.

The ancient life of man,
Had caught a newer plan,
And more with heaven it ran.

I rose from off my bed :
I found I had been dead :
My night's old robe I shed.

A woman stood beside :
She was no mortal's bride :
Nor marriage did betide.

Her name she said was Love,
Fire was her name above :
The light had made her rove.

She took me, not by hand,
But by mine ether's band,
And led me round the land.

I felt her in my veins,
And she knew all my gains,
And shifted all my pains,

And when she sailed aloft,
Mine eyes grew liquid soft,
I lived upon her waft.

And when she hovered down,
Sleep settled on my crown,
And I went out of town.

And I said, Who are you?
And she said : I am True :
My other name is, Woo.

And I said : Where am I?
And she said : Where's the sky?
And I said : Let me try.

And so we lived conversing :
And I lived in her nursing :
And loved her light coercing.

But when I would have gone ;
She said she was alone,
And had need of some one.

And so I took her part,
And fixed her to my heart,
And we knew not love's smart.

And oft she told me much
About her lineage : touch
Had bred her in life's pouch.

And o'er the sea she flew ;
The sea of men she knew,
But could not pierce it through.

Till on a day I came,
And felt a vacant flame :
She filled it with her aim.

And thus to men she got,
And with them took her lot ;
And I am her first dot.

So was I born for this :
With woman-air to kiss :
And to feel aural bliss.

But I have one I own :
And I am in His throne :
And there my sorrows groan.

Healing.

STRETCH forth thy hands, new truth
Given down thy fingers line,
With prayers from God, pure youth,
And ecstasy divine,—
All these are round the shrine.

Health is the second birth ;
Prayer is its rod ;
The serpent of the earth,
Listing its holy nod,
Moves with the cleansing breath of God.

Thou needest but to pray,—
No prayer of shame ;
No lispings of thy self-hood into day,—
But love's own flame :—
Health is thy prayers new name.

Hands righteously upheld,
Are cups of wine :
The sky in all its glorious shield,
Is but the vine
That runs with sap of health from Christ
his shrine.

Chloroform : what of it ?

INTIMACY of all things,
Lives by way of clasped rings :
They do wed, and weld, and fuse,
Each into the other's noose :
And the lesson of their way,
Round about in sphere doth play.

Reckless of all other life,
Mariner of eldest strife,
Boatman of the darkness-flood,
Charon of the Styx of blood,
Man chirurgical is seen ;
With a knife of meadow green.

It is green because it grows
Like the grass, from mortal woes :
From lopped miseries ; from manure
That doth fertile grass ensure :
But its light is demon-green :
Tint in monster eyewhites seen.

And within its wicked sheath,
There doth also lie a wreath,
Of old paper, left for dead
By a ghost who had misled
Many footsteps on the shore
Where the poor and sick are sore.

On that paper words are writ :
Words of venom : these to wit :
“ Heed not flesh, nor heed not blood :
Ravens must have daily food :
Carve and carve the raven-meal :
Let the sinew taste the steel.”

But in eld a man there was,
And he had a looking glass ;
And he saw within its shive,
Many things that should arrive :
And he looked upon a table,
Gaunt as bone, with old blood sable.

And upon a second day,
As he knelt him down to pray,
Lo ! a hand with bottle red,
Drops upon the table shed ;
'Twas a hand of angel lady,
Joints most musical and steady.

And a writhing form that lay
Stretched upon that table's sway,
Straight grew calm as lake at eve,
And his groans did cease to grieve :
And the steel looked up amazed,
If the silly flesh was crazed ?

And the ages past away :
Long and long their cruel play ;
And the steel gave note of war
To the flesh and bone ; the scar
Of its murmers shook the flesh
O'er which it had rambled fresh.

But in good America,
Come to light another day ;
And the dream of ancient seer,
God then showed us all, was here :
And the steel took note of man :
And heart inside steel began.

Then thereafter, civil fray
Was redeemed from the day,
That the knife of man no more,
Struck upon a feeling core,
But did first disarm the sense,
And then work in dream's pretence.

For the law goes in and in,
And the doom of death and sin,
All the surgery of God,
Loseth now its cruel rod ;
Mercy sitteth in the steel :
Love, in hardest commonweal.

Sir Robert Peel.

OH ! England : land of mine :
Ancestral land of mine :
Thou art a vacant rood,
Thou art a field for good :
Thou art a room for peace :
Thou art a world's release.

Now hearken : I will tell,
Upon this muse's shell,

All that befel my bark,
Since first I left the dark :
And entered on the ground
Whose shore is the profound.

My earthly fame and greed
Stood in no heavenly stead.
The first thing that I did
After my frame was hid,
Was to look down my line,
And count its gains divine.

I entered on a place
Decked forth with all my race :
They stood, or were depicted,
And likeness each corrected,
Expressed the gain of good
That within each one stood.

The family looked fair :
They had much natural hair :
And in their teeth I read
That life had been their dread,
And that they looked around
To see what might be found.

Within each portrait-eye
Methought I heard a sigh :
As though a sorrow-tear
Were vocal far and near :
And this, they said, was woe
For those from earth that go.

And as I gazed about,
Methought I heard a shout ;
Just as if pictures all,
Had taken up the ball,
And echoed to mine ear :
“ Another Peel to fear.”

Then knew I that the band
Was held in Order's hand,
And that no thought of theirs
Could stir the spirit-airs,
But that they one and all
Made up the self-same ball.

And as I mused and dreamed,
And Be and Be not seemed,
A sudden light around
Broke with a glancing sound ;
The pictures all were gone :
And there I stood alone.

My head had turban on :
My hand was nigh my shoon ;
I bent me to the ground,
And lo ! within a round,
A spirit talked with me
From a bright company.

He said he came from heaven
Where England's lines are given,
And that he had a rod
Whose will is England's nod :
And that he had a wave
Whose deep is England's grave.

I stood beside his feet,
And felt his general heat ;
And looked up to his knees,
And then there came a breeze
That shook me, from his thigh :
It seemed to ope my eye.

And then no longer blind,
I looked on much mankind,
And I saw Asia's page,
Light-margined, red with rage,
And England poured her horn,
And love was on it born.

And Africa came next :
She reeled and looked perplext :
And from her hair of oil,
I saw her take a coil
That, twisted round the world,
Like a pearl wreath was curled.

And England took the wreath :
England began to breathe :
The pearls of that dark ray
Went into England's way,
And lit her to a room
Where light had beaten gloom.

And after that I saw,
And England loved a law
That had a golden heart,
And throbbed with heavenly smart ;
And England then stood fast,
And shouted—Life at last !

Then,—oh ! how strange is Life !
For it is fortune's wife ;
And God is life's own father—
Then, when my eyes would rather
Gaze upon England's fate—
“ Look,” Life said, “ at thy state.”

Upon my feet I gazed :
Two stalks of corn were raised :
They went to heaven, to heaven,
To heaven, to heaven, to heaven,
And my sight with them too :
My vision met the blue.

And as it lost itself,
Far in the heavenly shelf,
An ear of corn was seen,
And on it was a green,
And palaces and hills
Lay in it, and great rills.

And then I heard a song ,
And it said : “ Don’t be long :
Growth, rapid here like light,
Hath guided all thy flight :
And reared a state for thee :
Now enter freedom’s tree.”

And then I raised my hand,
And lo ! upon the land,
The shadow of the sun
Plaited a wreath that run
In golden twine of beams,
Shot through with quivering streams.

And this, 'tis said, is mine :
This empire, now divine :
And I am sitting here
In corn and vinetree's sphere :
And England hath my love :
England of home above.

"Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you,
that do ye unto them."

England.

LAMP of the faithful : hearken !
No longer counsels darken !
No longer lend thine ear
To sin, and to sin's fear,
But be of love in Christ.
Be hearts no longer iced.

My will is here : my will :
On earth its force could spill
And shatter and rend men :
My will has come again :
My will is heavenly now.
Cromwell is in a vow.

He knows what England wants :
He sees her gains and scants :
He cares not for her glory,
Nor yet for his own story :
But for God-service cares :
That service hath his hairs.

Now listen : for his use
Is rapid : so unloose
Your horse of doing ; let him
Rush forward : never pet him :
He is a battle-horse,
And has a mane of course.

This evening he is sad :
Some evenings he is glad :
But not to take up time,
Or spin a poet's rhyme,
(I wish that it was prose)
This is my present nose.

You're all in the wrong way :
The sheep should never stray :
Yet you have left Christ's fold,
Which means, you're getting old :
And I must come again
With my new battering train.

The ardour of your lives
Runs mostly to your wives :
You build up drawing-rooms,
And mostly care for grooms :
But England wants new men :
And I must come again.

I must come in Christ's love :
That is the force above.
It makes our nations great,
Because it makes them wait
Until the Lord decides,
So they float on his tides.

But you have no such thought,
And that makes England naught.
You go into your ways,
As if you made the days :
And when you come to night,
You go into delight.

I went to sleep betimes,
And loved the morning's chimes ;
But you go to the dance,
And mornings drop askance,
And England's eye dont see them,
Because her actions flee them.

A time will come, my boys,
When you will count your toys,
And say, 'This doll won't do,
And that doll has no shoe,
And that poor sweetmeats' fire
Fills no man's sick desire.

Look out : look round : go down
Into your newest town :
See country maidens move :
They're not a bit like love,
They are like paper things,
And they have paper wings.

In my time, Bible speech
Was within all tongues' reach :
None was ashamed to preach,
So everyone could teach.
Life was like a round peach :
Now, 'tis a cut-off leech.

Why ! if you'd only learn
What 'tis with God to burn,
You'd realize more stuff
Within your beings cuff
In one short hour of dawn,
Than all you now can pawn.

You're men of battles still,
Only you've not the will :
You've the desire indeed,
But not the true will's seed :
You have no spirit, boys :
But all things are your toys.

If you would only know
What thing it is to glow,
You would dispute no more
Than ocean in its roar,
But turn to madder life
Than ever yet had strife.

Madder, that is, in fling :
With divine reason's ring :
For you're quite mad enough
Now, e'en in your poor stuff ;
But now you are mad sane,
And this is very vain.

Be carried off your feet
Some day by generous heat :
Let the wild angel try
Some day to raise your thigh :
See how it feels to bless,—
If love be happiness.

Experiment for God :
Try him : and list his nod :
You'll find that being moved
By Him who all things proved,
Hath that within its palm,
Which maketh powerful-calm.

And now another thing :
Again you have a king :
Make her a real one
By shouldering her throne :
Supporting her and you :
Make her a monarch true.

She is as good as I :
Though I am now on high :
But then I made my throne :
And she has got her bone :
Let be : let go : I'm gone :
Now rally to her throne.

E. B.

A SOLEMN lay comes slowly,
It peals from earth to heaven,
Grand is the strain and holy
That now to thee is given.

Thou art a bride of spirit,
A sister of our skies,
The house thou shalt inherit
Four square before thee lies.

Its portico is marble,
Its stairs are ruby red,
The birds of gladness warble
Their gushings overhead,

Among the golden globes
Of fruit that hang around ;
The house is clad in robes
Of beauty and of sound,

That float about festooning
All things with beauty here ;
The melodies are crooning
Round land and field and mere.

And in that house a jewel
Set fitly for thy breast :
Ah ! spirit was not cruel
That gave him such a rest.

Then walk up to the casket,
Thy life is near the door,
'Twill open if thou ask it,
And o'er thee, spirit, pour.

Thou art not far from heaven,
Thou art not far from love ;
Thy dower is sevenfold seven,
Thy hopes are fixed above.

Yet earth does well to keep thee,
For thy good deeds are needed :
We only yet would steep thee
In spirit-powers : unheeded

Thy husband oft is with thee, dear,
And he has led thee on :
One day thou shalt see all things clear,
For home will then be won,
And separation's day be done.

The Birth of Aconite.

NOT far from thence where first the wild
goat wandered,
When his lone footsteps sought the silent
heath,
And skirted by the river of black mud
That flowed along, and filled its banks with
slime
And miry creatures, on the other shore
Of Lethe's sullen wave, a plant there grew
Which weltered in the slime, and loved it
well.

Apart from all it drew a mystic line,
And led a mystic life, a life of poison,
Such as the robber leads in his dim den
Of murderous resolve, or as the gamester
Leads at the table, when his wolfish eyes
Eat up the pool, and gorge his neighbour's
life.

There grew it, and there grows it still, but
now,
Or ere the moon has filled her quarter first,

And while her horn is young, and is so sharp
That like a dirk it stabs the midnight air,
That plant is on the move : it grew in hell,
Or ere it grew in earth, and now to tell
How it came down, and fixed its roots below.

There were two men, two brothers; they did
 play
With scorpions of foul passion, and the one
Did strike the other with a dart of death,
That gave his heart's red glue an outlet, and
It weltered down upon his thigh, and there
Congealing, crusted in the mouldering air.

And so the crust grew harder, till at last
It shaped itself in crystalline device
Of many daggers, pointing each at each,
A mimic murder field ; and then it fell
Into new dust, and then new things arose.

Horrible fungi, whose red lurid faces
Shone out like moonlight on a desert grave ;
Such funguses as shed their mildew vast
On trunks of trees that long have passed to
 earth,
And rot, and rot away. These fungi too,
Deciduous like the last, past off, and died.

And from the scum of their foul corpses
 rose
Another race of creatures, arid beetles,
Great horned, and monstrous as the jaws of
 doom.
These creatures too had murder's brand
 upon them.
Murder was in them, and it lived a-through
 them,
And had they gone to fifty generations,
Murder had been their all, parent and child.

But yet they died also, and from their ruin,
Their blacksome legs and brownsome villa-
 nies
Of intestinal substance, swarmed a race
Of newer creatures still, a vagrant race
Of winged vermin, that took flight, and fled
Amid the flowers. What flowers? The
 flowers of night
And carrion's vegetables. There they
 spawned,
And sped their generations in their places.

Now the last scene of all. From out the
 womb
Of these last vagrant creatures, there arose,

By ancestry of murder, from the stings
Of old remorse, minds long laid in hell
In coffins of old vengeance, where they rot
And putrefy in most exceeding foulness,—
There did arise a race of ruin strong,
A triple race, which with forked adder
tongue

Smote earth into its core, into the womb
Spread universal all along the ground,
And earth conceived dire murder, in a
plant.

This was the Aconite, and this its birth.
In case it disappoint thee, then the theme,
And not the truth of song, is all to blame.

The White Lily.

WITHIN the soul
There lies a pole,
That like magnetic needle,
Points every flower
In every hour,
And every leaf and seedle,

In nature's loom,
In nature's womb
Of beautiful inweavings :
That knows each herb
Whose smile will curb
The ailing hearty's grievings.

She has no need
Of studious heed
To read the loves of natures ;
The plants are hers,
She in them stirs,
They are her lower creatures.

For heart and brain,
And starry train,
Are plants of her devices.
She weaveth spheres,
She maketh tears :
Sunbeams and sorrows' ices.

And she does live
When she does give
Good cure for all that's ailing :
She goes her rounds,
And most abounds
Where woman most is wailing.

She has the rose
To set off snows
On cheeks of modest maiden.
The lily fair
And stately rare,
And with rare virtues laden,

Comes led by her
With gossamer
From spirit shores of healing.
See, white it swells :
Hark, its white bells
Of love and life are pealing.

The fairy church
Built of the birch,
The rod of sweet religion,
Is good for sparrow
Who wants his marrow,
And good for woodland pigeon.

The lily dear
Is far too near
To hearts in love abounding,
To heed the chimes
Or hear the rhymes
That from that church are sounding.

Her torch is love,
She lives above
On couch of whiteness sitting.
Around her bed
Of yellow red
The bees of life are flitting.

She heals the heart
From love's sweet smart,
From too much joy of loving.
Her snow is white :
And like the light,
Contrasting and reproving.

Then use her well :
And court her spell,
If such like pain o'ertakes thee :
And use her too
If thou shouldst woo,
And she thou wooest forsakes thee.

Remember ever
That God's bright river
Of healing floweth duly,
And plant and leaf
Give good to grief
To him that worships truly.

For faith's the soul
That from the goal
Makes virtue all around it ;
In plants, in flowers,
In days and hours,
For him alone who's found it.

But without faith
All plants are death,
All men are carrion-brothers ;
And without faith
Great nature's wraith
Arises till it smothers

Hope on her seat,
Love in her heat,
Skill in its workshop handy.
Let faith then guide,
And with thee ride
Through deserts lone and sandy ;

They then shall bloom,
And nature's tomb,
The lily and the rose
Shall both adorn,
And sunny morn
Be poured on mortal snows.

The snows shalt melt,
New lily-felt
Shall clothe the ground with splendor.
All shall be mately,
All shall be stately,
And love shall then be tender,

Without the smart
That tears the heart,
And works the mind's undoing.
Yea, Love the lily
Shall mount her filly
And ride amain past rueing,

A Wife's Message.

THE bread of heaven
With holy leaven
Descendeth to thy board :
The wine of joy
Without alloy
Around thy hearth is poured.

Provision sweet
Of heavenly meat

Awaits thy days to come :
For virtue's light
In newer height
Awakens in thy home.

Gifts crowd on gifts,
When each one lifts
Receiver to the sky ;
And God's great flood
Of living food
Shall then be never dry.

The mantling cup
That sparkles up
With fancy's bubbling store,
Is poor compared
With that cup shared
With pilgrims at the door.

For they drop pearls,
And each one whirls
Life's light amid the wine ;
For angel guest
Comes poorly drest,
And seemeth not to shine.

But when he finds
Love ruleth minds,
And charity is warm,
His dress doth flow,
His face doth glow,
And glory is his form.

And so we get
Our coronet
From seeming beggar's hands.
And we are crowned
Where poor abound,
For there are angel-bands.

In winter's dearth,
In icy earth,
In snow's most dreary garb,
Remember well
The hearts that swell,
Yet feel dread winter's barb.

And earn thy gem,
And diadem,
By care around thee cast.
Expand thy heart,
And do thy part,
And make a cheerful past.

Let conscience plead
For hearts that bleed,
And thus its own sores heal ;
And in thy home
Let large light come
Of human Commonweal.

Heaven waxeth so ;
For heaven's flowers blow
In social clime of man.
Her sun too shines
Within the lines
Where God's intent began ;

In human love,
No lonely dove,
But well acquaint with others.
This winter time
This winter rhyme
Tells all to love their brothers.

W. M. W.

BROWNNESS of autumn is around thee,
 Brother,
Darkness of life has fallen on thy path.
Sadness hath been unto thee as a mother.
Sadness is not another name for wrath.

God gave, God takes away : his hand is on
 thee :
Heavy its print hath been upon thy brow.
Yet even that stroke a second heart hath
 won thee,
And warmer thoughts within thy bosom
 glow.

Thy little Teddy, like a shaft of lightning,
Shears through the gloom of worldliness
 around ;
And from his early gloomy grave a bright-
 ening
Shoots forth its pillar : pierces the pro-
 found.

Thy night is dying, and thy day is nearing.
Wrap round thee then the mantle of the
light.

Leave troubling, shun dull care and duller
fearing :

Thy day is strong : arise : assert thy
might.

The spirit, strong in love to thee and thine,
Commits these verses to a brother's hand.
They come to earth : mixed with her bitter
wine,
They glow with sparklings from the hea-
venly strand.

E. M.

THE doom is past,
It will not last,
The gloom shall roll away :
The brightening star
Hurries from far,
The dawn precedes the day.

The time of death
That hides beneath
 The wings of fatal hours,
Uncovers oft
Aloft, aloft,
 The cups of loveliest flowers.

They bloom on high,
When said to die,
 They fruit above thy ken.
They shake their seed
Where earth has need,
 They come to earth again,

In blessed streams,
In odorous beams,
 In influences tender.
'Tis thus we give,
'Tis thus we live;
 And all things to us render,

Blessing from God;
The kiss, the rod,
 The bed of pain and death,
Are needed, dear,
So never fear,
 Thy love hath lost no breath.

His heart exhaled,
His visage paled,
 His tongue was voiceless all.
They drew him forth
From cloy of earth,
 From mortal shroud and pall.

They led him up
To heaven's great cup :
 He sipped the deathless wine.
He is thy ward,
He is thy guard,
 And he is ever thine.

Thy love through him,
No longer dim,
 Or bounded by dull earth,
Has risen to heaven :
Two worlds are given
 To love in his death birth.

Teddy's Flower.

IN a spiral garden,
Where the dew of life
Falls, and life is warden,
And where love is rife :
In an angel meadow,
Where all flowers are good,
Standeth in days shadow,
This surpassing bud.

'Tis the flower of hope life,
Youthful spirit powers :
Every leaf doth ope life
Into better hours :
Leaves like sky expanding,
Fall in downward dome ;
But in centre landing,
Lo ! the buds of home.

And the stem is woven
In and out to show,
That the hope is cloven,
—cloven not with woe,—

But with change supporting,
Which doth deepen joy,
And doth answer sporting,
In the heart of boy.

Leaves are all transparent,
Like the mind of him
Who to either parent
Sendeth flowery brim :
Cup of hope eternal,—
Sip it father dear :
And my mother ; vernal
Is thy beauty here.

And beneath the floweret
See the coming bud :
Ringed within its boweret,
Safe within its hood.
Waiting to be born ;
But when forth it comes,—
Mark me, then the morn
Hath far other blooms.

For like hope itself,
Flower of hope doth change,
Not laid on the shelf,
But of endless range ;

So the lowly pod
Underneath that lies,
Meaneth more of God ;
Greater spirit prize.

Now good night, mamma,
And good night, my father.
My spirit saith, haha !
And smiles to see you gather
Flowers from my beds,
As I did once from yours.
And you shall have from Ted's,
As long as love endures.

Teddy through Hood,
Who has walked through Teddy's
wood,
And seen his garden wall,
Because Hood loves the small.

Saturday Night.

WEEK'S curtain, folded round
Time with a solemn sound,
Life sleeps within thy folds,
The past like dreams it holds.

Surely 'tis God's intent
That life should well be blent
With sleep, when every tread
Has memory overhead.

So may we pass each glance,
That the whole's countenance,
When met on shore of heaven,
May be good, true, and even.

The Gala.

RUNIC woman, what of thee?
Where art thou sprung from?
Where thy home?
Underneath what tree?

Where the shadows roam,
In the old world home ?

Veiled the Vala cometh :
Veiled she sitteth :
Inspiration bloometh
As she knitteth :
Then away the inspiration flitteth.

She is clad in brown,
Clad in black also :
And upon her crown
Black, but not for woe :
And her eyes alone, her dark eyes glow.

She is set on stool,
She is firm in trance,
She is in the school
Where the Norns do rule,
But never look askance.

She is living-dead,
And dead-living too ;
Raised from grave-mound bed :
Fires are burning blue :
And her head hath crown of deathly dew.

See, she wakes to speech,
 Wakens not to life :
And her accents teach
 Meaning old and rife,
Cleaving time like breach.

Yes, she seeth Odin :
 Seeth gods departed :
Seeth evil boden :
 And the good imparted
To the breasts with battle smarted.

And she seeth Christ,
 But not Christ by name :
For her heart is iced
 With hard warrior flame,
And her light and love bring blame.

And the hours of mortals
 Troop fast past her chair :
Rushing to the portals
 Where the gulfs of air
Swallow in endlessness all mortals fair.

There is more behind her :
 And she seeth more :
Mystery to blind her :

Seeth heaven's shore,
And hears the hell-waves roar.

So it fares with vision :
Mystery doth cover :
Dream goes in transition :
Dream of four leaf-clover,
That unseals the eye of fairy lover.

But the Vala song-world,
Is not given to thee :
Thou art in the throng world :
Not or bright or free
For the Vala-song's immensity.

The Fairies' Welcome :

POUR forth the bells
In odorous notes
Of lovely light
Upon the sky :
Hark ! how it swells :
Hark ! how it floats,
In colors bright
Of minstrelsy.

In upper air
I see it glow,
That voice of earth,
Among her stars :
'Tis rich and rare,
And ether's flow
Doth give it birth,
And lend it cars.

And thus it comes,
And thus it chimes,
Like scents of life,
All luminous :
Like bee it hums,
Like bard it rhymes ;
Its love is rife,
And tremulous.

“ I am made new
By tiniest rays
Of sparkling lives
I know not whence.
From ether blue
Descend the fays
In golden hives
Of golden sense.

“ Mine olden round
Of darksome land,
And stormy sea,
Is all too small :
I leap its bound,
I quit its strand,
I shake me free
From earthly ball.

“ My figure old
Of mortal gyre
Is held before,
As shield for me,
And from my mould
I rise in fire,
On human shore ;
Eternity !

“ And far away,
I see them come,
On wings of love,
In wisdom's light :
Hail fairy day ;
The starry dome
Doth well approve
Thy vestments bright.

- “ Hail life from God,
In forms so fine,
That angel eyes
Can hardly see :
The path is trod
From thy divine :
It brings the prize
Of spirit glee.
- “ It tips the dark
With silver points ;
It paints the light
With golden line :
Mine ear a-hark
Through all my joints
Pours gurglings bright
Of music wine.
- “ Regenerate flowers,
And fruits renewed,
And grass like gems
My mantle are :
Within mine hours
Of tranquil good,
I feel in beams
Mine ancient star.

“ Electrical,
I stand on toe
Of ether's quick
Elastic frame :
I reach—I call—
My horn I blow ;
I am love sick
For fairy name.

“ That name is mine,
The imps depart,
The goblins seek
Their hollow shore,
The gnomes of mine,
The ghosts of heart
Wax weak and weak,
And are no more.

“ My South is Truth,
Mine East is Love,
My West is Joy,
My North is Light :
And thus my youth
Doth stand above
Mine aged cloy
Of former night.

“ All hail again
Ye bands of life,
Ye sons of God
From fairy climes :
Ye unmade men,
Unknown to strife,
Whose feet are shod
With heavenly rhymes.

“ In marriage old,
In marriage new,
Ye weld the world,
And mate the stars ;
And 'tis not told
How greatly true
The bliss unfurled
Above your cars.

“ My voice takes light
Of prayer and praise,
And wings its way
About your pale :
By heaven bedight
With all heaven's lays,
I watch your ray,
And bid you hail.”

The Dance of Life.

'TIS not in round of commonplace
Life keepeth measure :
But rhythmical her atoms trace
The turf of pleasure.
There is no lazy-footed tread
In all creation ;
But being doth with being thread
Congratulation.

And fairy dances even so,
Are kin to nature :
In tripping harmonies they flow,
And each small creature,
Winds and unwinds a clue of work,
Necessitous,
Or else his life-light waxeth murk,
And nebulous.

And think not that fay dances quick,
Are light and vain,
Because the dance most lunatic,
On moony plain,

Weaves wildness round the flowers and grass,
And dizzies dewdrops' eyes :
'Tis but the swiftness of love's pass
Athwart love's skies.

For rightly seen all things do dance
In goodly measures ;
See play of human countenance,
Twinkled with pleasures :
Eyes dance with full ring of sunniness,
And quivering features leap,
And smiles do dance on lips of loveliness,
And tunes do keep.

And blood doth dance and sing,
Yea shouts for joy,
Within the charmed and loving ring
Of girl and boy ;
And marriage dances on the green
For wedding day ;
And good prosperity is seen
To dance and play.

And in the world of size,
Electric fire,
Not peddles through its gait, but flies
In wheeling gyre :

Leaves off alway where it began :
 Completed orb ;
And on the fairy-circle plan
 Its ends doth curb.

So is a law fulfilled
 In dancing fays :
And not a jot is spilled
 In their right maze :
For things at first seen strange,
 If looked to well,
Come trooping to the range
 Of reason's bell.

God weaveth, in a word,
 In circles fine :
And his bright love is stirred
 Through rounded line :
For this is e'en completion,
 And this is new beginning :
And swiftness urgeth mission,
 And dance is mood of winning.

The Spirit.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth : even so is every one that is born of the Spirit.”

PERADVENTURE
This indenture
Binds thee past thy seeming.
Spirit voices,
He rejoices,
Who has heard their scheming.

For they come all
To the womb all
Of the sons of mortals ;
And their madness,
And their gladness,
Are new Nature's portals.

Who can know the
Sad and loathy
Lump of Nature's fastness,
But the man that
Has the plan that
Opens out the vastness ?

He sees surely
And securely

That in spirit-workings,
There is sunlight,
Air and moonlight,
Past all former lurkings.

Matter's fixtness,
Mankind's mixtness
Is dishevelled fairly,
And from chaos,
They display us
Banners bravely, rarely.

New creation,
No fixation,
But the light of loving,
Penetration,
Impregnation,
Power's hand ungloving.

So the spirit,
If we wear it,
Is the dress of wonder :
In its God-hand,
In its rod-hand,
It hath love's own thunder.

And it wanders
In meanders
Of great order's dances ;
And it beckons,
And it wakens
To first order's trances.

It shall whirl thee,
It shall curl thee,
Through great eyes of seeing :
Oculations,
Penetrations
Of all optic being.

It shall throw thee,
And shall know thee,
Through the ears of mystery ;
There set learning,
Working, turning,
Spires and scales of history.

It shall touch thee,
And avouch thee,
Through the fires of feeling.
It shall thrill thee,
And shall will thee
Through all life's revealing.

It shall find thee,
And shall mind thee,
In intelligences,
Wheresoever
Life's white river
Flows through banks of senses.

And through love too,
God's sweet dove too,
It shall pilot courses :
Through the love heart,
And the dove heart,
It shall steer its verses.

And in heaven too,
Where the seven too,
Blaze allmightiest prism,
It shall hold thee,
And embold thee
'Gainst the drear abysm.

Death's old dances,
Like romances,
It shall read in new lights ;
Structured blessings,
Sweet caressings,
It shall sing in true lights.

But be fearless,
Faithful, tearless
For all earth can serve thee.
God is spirit :
Lord is merit :
From Him never swerve thee.

The English Language.

WHEN Thought came down
To wear his crown,
And marshalled men below,
His lips apart,
Let forth his heart,
Right round his world to go.

The sound they gave,
Shook land and wave,
And echoing heaven was pleased :
His face grew calm :
He oped his palm :
His heart's great smart was eased.

For in that hour,
Of infant power,
Came Language down to earth :
The tongue was stirred :
Forth walked the Word
That gave the thought-world birth.

But still he sat ;
And grown sedate,
His heart was charged once more :
His eyes grew red :
Their glory fled :
He spake not, but groaned sore.

Old Tongue had gone :
Its light had shone
O'er Asia's eld and gloom ;
And voiceless now,
Thought pressed his brow,
And there Thought's waves did loom.

Again his lips,
With moving tips,
Let out new wonder-river :
Greek waters streamed,
Greek crystal beamed
From Thought's intensest quiver.

The song was sung :
Beauty was rung
Through every bell of nature :
And art and grace
Shewed Thought new face,
And majesty new stature.

And evermore,
From the tongue shore,
Thought colonized new fields ;
And poured to earth
An endless birth,
That want and beauty wields.

But Freedom came :
Touched Thought with flame :
Made him direct with truth :
And clove apart
His lips to heart,
And dived there without ruth.

And came forth red
From lip, and shed
New wind of words abroad :
And Language ran
In Freedom's plan ;
And England took her rod.

And so the robe
About man's globe,
The largest robe of art,
Is just the tongue
Once spoken young
From maiden England's heart.

And spirit-friends,
To make amends
For absence of their own,
Take Language ours,
For in its bowers,
Their freedom need not groan.

But they can say
Their tale of day,
In daylight's English speech :
And they can run
From zone to zone,
And through that language teach.

It shall stretch forth
Its mantle's worth,
Till England's is man's voice :
Then Lord, thy Word
Shall well be heard,
And all isles shall rejoice.

Icelandic.

BARDIC tongue of eld :
Cup of waters held
In rude hand of war,
Spilt out fast and far.

Over earth thou spedst :
Legions on thou ledst :
In thy gyvēd hand
Stood a warrior brand.

War within thee sate,
Keeping hard estate :
Oldest croak of song
Doth to thy harp belong.

Entering thy door,
Dusky spirits pour
Mead and mingled blood
In a motley flood.

Prophecies of time,
Ringing forth sublime,
Crowd the narrow chime
Of thine Edda-rhyme.

Scalds of warrior-tables :
Says of iron fables,
Shake thy vocal sides :
Odin o'er thee rides.

Violence and hate
Strain thy shirt of fate,
Red hot hearts have said
All within thy thread.

Thou hast fitted Death
With his language sheath,
And corpse eyes upturned,
In thy coffers girned.

Now thyself art dead :
Save that raven-shed
From the blackness old,
Still is round thee cold.

But dry mustiness
Doth thy glory press,
And the Geyser tongue
Its last leap hath flung.

Into England's sea
Rolls its tribute free :

There it lives for aye :
Iceland's second day.

Yet shall spirit scald
Crown its frontlets bald ;
And snow from new heaven,
To its crown be given.

The Holy Spirit descended like a Dove.

THE pearls of air and sea
Were both transfused together,
And the earth felt her glee,
And the fields had fine weather :
The voice of God in spring
Went warbling buds and blooms :
And beauty drew a ring
Above the land of glooms.

The spirit came and went :
The flowers and blossoms panted :
Their cheeklets were besprent
With dew their heartlets wanted :

Each fairy soul they housed
Was singing in their bells :
And life was well espoused
To beauty's miracles.

A throstle in the grove
Poured forth a throstle song ;
And rustical in love,
His blooms of voice were long :
The trees were longing too
For summer's ardent kiss :
And laps of all things woo
A still untasted bliss.

Lo ! from the east a Dove :
It came as silver dawn :
The earth did watch it move :
And like a mirror's lawn
Reflected its dear face,
And spread its arms on high ;
And fainly would embrace
The shadow of the sky.

The Dove went wheeling on :
The Dove went whispering forth :
It looked with beauty wan,
It silvered o'er the north :

To south a ray it sent
Of a more golden flower,
But in the east it went
And built a marriage-bower.

And there it had its young,
And there it taught its brood :
And there it tuned our tongue,
And poured a murmuring flood
Of softness o'er our scenes,
And love upon our hearth :
And there its image leans
And murmurs of our dearth.

Oh ! had we ears to hear,
And eyes to see its shade,
And had we hearts to fear
The Holy Thing it made,
It would come back to men,
And nestle there once more,
And stretch its loving ken
Upon dark sorrow's floor.

I see it come : but why ?
Who hath deserved its wing ?
Its home within the sky
Doth blessings ever bring :

But still the interior dove
Hath kept to its own clime :
And its fair wings do move
According to heaven's rhyme.

Yet no : the earthly cope,
That had no softness left,
And where the bed of hope
Of all earth's hope bereft,
Was but a dying eye,
And hand outstretched for aid,—
That prison, gloom, and sty
Hath felt the Dove in shade.

And how then comes it now ?
Not as in other age,
With softness on its brow,
And God upon its page,
But in the evil's guise,
And in the raven's garb,
And e'en as error's prize,
The booty of her barb.

The spirit quits her home :
Her bower of Eden's light :
Mankind hath learnt to roam :
• The spirit knows their flight :

And in the felon-cell,
And in statistic law,
And in the porch of hell,
The spirit braves its claw.

The Dove lies deep within :
Not seen of thief and priest :
Not seen of lawyer's kin :
Though not unseen of beast :
Yet though they no one know
What softness is abroad,
Yet e'en great ice and snow
Suspect that they are thawed.

The Dove within them lies :
The corn seeds last long days :
The Egyptian grain shall rise
And be the harvest's praise :
And so the Dove of God,
Buried and lost and gone,
Waits close to every sod,
And close to every throne.

The gentleness of time,
The gentleness of life,
The unheard morning's chime,
The heavenly morning's strife,

The burning axle wheels
Of Him the Sun of suns,
Round whom all creature reels,
And Love his cherub runs :

The gentleness of fire,
The softest down of law,
The love beyond desire
That hath nor hope nor flaw,
The wisdom that sees not,
But is, and joys in being :
These all in every spot
Are seeing beyond seeing.

The Dove can never die,
Because 'tis all things' heart,
And all things' pensive eye
In all things' better part :
It is the holy Dove,
Where holiness is loved,
But hath its home above :
Within it heaven is moved.

Sebastopol: what of it?

WAVING, looming, monstrous pinions
Winnow plains of battle :
Bird compact of all war's minions :
Bird with bones that rattle.

Finger pointeth down to vallies
Where the death clay swarms :
Finger hath an arm that tallies ;
Arm hath gaunter forms.

Lo ! it wanders o'er the fastness,
Nature's forts of stone :
Then it points up to the vastness :
Points with peaky bone.

Heaven sends ray of lightning bluey
Down to shoulder socket ;
And the sinons thready, gluey,
Come on arm to mock it.

Then the clothing keeps increasing,
Warrior-head is seen :
Helm of earl and knight for leasing
Mates with sword-ray's sheen.

Warrior stands in air, armed deadly
To his throat of rage,
And his finger worketh redly
O'er the battle's stage.

“ There the host gave up its glory ;
There much breath spent life :
And the hour was poor and gory :
Wiped with battle's knife.”

Now the ghosts are still in armour ;
Ghosts allied no more :
And they wait millennial charmer,
Ere their haunt is o'er.

The Human Ear.

THE sanctuary stood
Beside an ancient wave :
On one hand was a wood :
Beside it was a cave :
A pilgrim band was there,
A band from distant shores,
Where sultry is the air,
And glowing sunlight pours.

The evening in the wood
Was rich with golden gifts ;
And through the branches stood
The glory-flood in rifts.
The pilgrims knelt in prayer :
Their voices rich did rise
Through the red evening air
Like clouds of sacrifice.

The calmness deepened then :
The dusky calmness stole :
The moon from silver pen
Came forth for nightly goal :
And then the pilgrim-heads
Were laid in sleep around :
And new contentment sheds
Her dream on the profound.

This was the dream they had :
In dream alone 'twas given :
That each one wakened glad,
Within the ways of heaven :
And then on silver mounts
Each stood with trump in hand :
And trumpets all were founts
Of tidings sweet and grand.

The trumpets said this say :
 “ Come forth ye wearied bones :
Come seek the healing ray,
 And hear the spirit-tones :
The music of the spheres
 Is from this blissful day,
Given down to human ears,
 As partner of their play.”

The trumpets then were still,
 And from each heavenly top,
The pilgrims saw a rill
 Of new-born waters ope :
It ran unto a sea
 Whose waves were music fire :
And glorious, good and free
 Were all that ocean-choir.

Out from the sea there rose
 A shell with coral-lips ;
A flower that only blows
 In earth's most deep eclipse :
It was an ear of man
 That came to hearken there :
And music-swift it ran
 Toward the pilgrim's prayer.

They knelt to see it come:
But lo, when it was near,
It took a mighty dome,
And was no more an ear:
But like the arch of night,
Studded with stars and stars,
The gazing eye had flight
Among its distance-bars.

The sound the pilgrims heard
Within that temple ear
Was chorus of the Word;
And in the circling sphere,
No bird of all the birds
That live on earth or flood,
Could span the arch of words
That there above them stood.

The pilgrims wakened up:
The night was far advanced:
The blessing of their cup
From that hour was enhanced:
For nothing of the rhyme
That in the dream was heard,
But now in waking chime
Through all their being stirred.

The spirit ear, they found,
Had then been given their heed :
And in each natural sound,
Was planted spirit-seed :
And so whene'er they spoke,
And syllables were said,
Fresh meaning o'er them broke,
As light upon their head.

Now this is deep-laid song :
Not seen at once this lay :
But thou would'st do it wrong,
To cast it quite away :
So put it by this time,
And know that themes full oft
Are not within thy chime,
Are higher than thy loft :

And then the spirit ray
Gives light instead of things :
Sends thee through air away,
On mereness of air-wings :
And yet the light is true,
And yet the air is air :
And thou wilt after woo
Good sense from spirit care.

“And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.”—*Luke* xxiv. 30, 31.

The Human Eye.

THERE was no other there :
No sound or voice was heard :
The accents of his prayer
Alone the silence stirred :
The spirit-watchers sat
Invisible around :
And earth with greenest mat
Spread forth its circlet's bound.

He rose from off his knees :
He rose with eye and hand :
He saw the forest-trees
Around his pathway stand :
He stepped in trusty faith,
He chose first path he saw :
It was the way of death,
And of death's ancient law.

He read the signal name :
Death written up on high :
He read the death of shame :
He saw the martyr-sky :

Faces and wings and heads
Instead of clouds were there :
And glory from them sheds
The penitence of prayer.

He trod the forest-glade :
The robber-wood he trod :
And in its deepest shade,
He found the light of God :
But 'twas the Wood of Death :
The trees were dead men's bones :
The axe of eldest faith
Filled them with dying groans.

Within the wood a spring :
Of waters black as pitch :
Ungainly, yet could bring
Sounds, spirit to bewitch :
The waters of the fount
Were blood once poured in sin :
Those waters never mount,
But crumble back within.

Above the spring a crown :
A crown of ugly thorns :
A diadem mean brown,
Like cap that thief adorns :

It hovered o'er the wave,
As though it fitted there ;
Like dampness o'er a grave,
Or madness o'er a stare.

Above the crown an eye,
Whose ray was bolt of black ;
It shot not toward the sky,
But mined the hellish track :
And where its glances fell,
The earthway opened out,
And forth from out the hell
Issued a rabble rout.

A set of creatures came
With caps of murky bone ;
Like skeletons of flame
Their gaunt ill-temperers shone :
They danced around the fount,
And with eye-socket cups,
Each took his own account,
And poured it down in sups.

He poured it on his bones :
And they hissed thirsty-glad :
And then they oozed with groans,
And glowed with fever mad :

The hell within the ground,
Then called them back to board,
And then the waters' sound
In stillness deep was moored.

The Traveller struck the earth,
With lightning wand he struck,
And oped to daylight's birth
The caverns of ill-luck :
He saw the demon things
On waters black that fed :
And felt the frenzy stings
That grew on tail and head.

The cavern was all eyes :
Eye-sockets all it was :
Like bone anatomies
Impacted in dark glass :
It gazed and gloured and gloomed
As he the Saviour trod ;
And lo, beneath him bloomed
A floweret from the sod.

All hell around him quaked :
All hell around him froze :
All hell around him baked :
All hell had ague snows :

That little floweret ran
With feet of tiniest love,
And kissed the heavenly man,
And toward his eye did move.

It was itself an eye :
A spirit-eye was born :
It came from far on high,
It came from earliest morn :
The spirit-sun had sent
That one angelic ray,
And seraph-swift it went
The mercy of its way.

It shot through bolt and bar,
It shot through cave and roof ;
It stood in heaven a star :
It stood in hell a proof :
It was the spirit-sight,
Given then by Saviour God :
The queen of heavenly light,
And Christ's imperial rod.

'Twas made into great heavens :
Into all suns and spheres :
Its blessed lily leavens
The gardens of our tears :

It is the eyebright, Faith,
Born in dells deep and small,
That makes the Woods of Death
Lights waving shadows all.

And Christ could not have brought
This little flower to you,
Unless his hand had wrought
Through all the realms of rue,
And had transparence made
Of heaven and hell alike :
Then oh ! through light and shade
Let Christ's dear radiance strike.

Song : its divine birth.

WILLOWS were on the shore :
And the wave rippled o'er :
And the reeds taught the wind
Where music it might find.

Boats sailed upon the flood :
And o'er its margin stood

Marble of palace tiers,
Marmoreal beauty's years.

And then the silver swan,
When all the boats had gone,
Came paddling from the reeds,
Where the wind music feeds.

A second swan came forth :
His neck had empire's worth :
'Twas arched with gems and gold :
With beauty it was bold.

He sailed upon the mere :
He saw the marble tier :
He sat upon the floods
'Mid the marmoreal woods.

Lo ! he has ruffled neck !
Lo ! on his breast a fleck !
Lo ! blood upon his bill !
Lo ! his dear heart doth spill.

Lo ! he is wrapt in coils :
In water-serpent's toils :
And his observant eyes
Are coldest twinkler's prize.

The lake doth ruby taste :
Red wine within its waste :
The serpent licks with fork :
Venom hath done its work.

The other swan doth heed
The serpent's rancour greed :
And strikes him with its foot,
And breaks his twisted root.

So snake and swan together
Sink in a deadly tether :
The water drinks them up
With gurgle in its cup.

The other swan bereft,
Mourns, lonely to be left,
And cries with woman's tears,
The yawn of coming years.

An angel stirs the pool :
The bench of watery-school,
All ordered by his rod,
Sits willing to his nod.

The elder swan that died,
Hears underneath the tide,

And music in his ears,
Melts away deathly fears.

The snake unclasped, is seen
In slimy form obscene,
A monster of the ooze,
That mud for ever chews.

And now a stranger thing :
The place of serpent-sting,
Becomes a mouth of song
In the swan's future long.

The crushed and cabined swan,
O'er whom the deep had shone,
Is lifted to the brink,
And there begins to think.

And now his voice no more
Is raucid as of yore,
But soft and lithe as snake
That once his heart did break.

The venom of the worm,
Hath lost its cruel germ,
And his rank tooth but served
To ope the mouth deserved.

And so it is, the swan,
Death-struck, hath ever done :
He cannot die : but blows
His music's flower disclose.

The other swan is he
That stands in mastery,
And doth evade the snake,
And whose heart cannot break.

But music doth not chant
Her droopings for his want,
Nor petal out her flowers
Through all her dreamy hours.

For his heart cannot burst,
Nor quench the spirit thirst,
With blood poured out around,
Red rhythmic on the ground.

The end of all is this,—
That art, with all its bliss,
And song with all its notes,
Pour from heart-opened throats.

And recreation's night
Hath gentle song's delight,
When crucifixion's morn
Forgets its cruel scorn.

Gentleness.

ONCE upon a weary way
Did an aged monarch stray,
And his crown was left behind,
And his sceptre did not bind.

And the toil was great and long,
From the morn to even song,
For he had to wend his way
Where the robber-pilgrims stray.

And his course lay through the woods,
And across the rapid floods,
And beside the deep ravines,—
Precipice that gapes and grins.

But he had one faithful man
Who beside his pathway ran,

And that good attendant's care
Warded him from forest snare.

For at eve a lion came
With a mouth and heart untame,
And he took the monarch's skirt,
And he drew it into hurt.

And he plucked the aged man
Down upon the sward ; and ran
With his mouth, king-filled, about,
Treading round a furious rout.

Then the aged monarch cried,
“ Would the king had only died,
On the throne of wisdom's war,
Where the brave and noble are ! ”

But the lion heard the voice,
And his talons did rejoice
As he tasted the old king ;
And then he began to sing.—

“ What the cake so good as this ;
Flesh of monarch, not amiss !
What the vintage half so good
As a ripened monarch's blood ! ”

Then within the boscy brake,
Where he had pursued a snake,
And had slain it with a dart,
The attendant heard the part.

And he told the lion old
That his days on earth were told ;
Treason of the forest king
Had cut short his rapine's ring.

For that monarch-king of men
Was the lion's sovereign ;
And that every lion good
Knew the worth of human blood.

So the lion dropped his prey,
And would fain have gone away,
But the squire with spirit net,
Caught his feet, and would not let.

And he took him by the claws,
And he strook him on the jaws,
And he passed a magic hand
On all the lion's power-strand.

And he cast him in deep sleep,
And he made his soul to weep ;

And he took his parts asunder ;
Did unjoint him for a wonder.

And he laid him by on shelf,
And he sold him not for pelf,
But he took his heart and head,
And did weave it into dread.

And his shoulder-bones he took,
And he put them in a book,
And the doom of lion eyes
Was to wander after flies.

And the reason of all this,
Was a most mysterious kiss
That the lion's soul had given
To the monarch when he'd striven.

For by means of this embrace,
This did happen in the case,
That the lion-soul had gone
Right into the monarch's crown.

And the monarch did inherit
Now the lion soul and spirit :
And the parts of monarch-use,
Were rescued from the lion-noose.

And were set in monarch-hand ;
Claws within the regal brand :
Heart within the royal heart ;
Brain within the lower part.

Teeth were mured around his crown,
Battlements of old renown ;
Eyes were jewelled on the walls
Where the crown its honors calls.

So the sleeping lion's mass,
On a day disparted was ;
And the beast of royal state,
Slept away its severed fate.

And the gist is only this,—
That the hour of progresses
Takes the violence of time,
Rampant 'gainst old monarch's chime,

And doth save the monarch old,
The well-founded human fold,
From the tooth and jaw of change
That in forest wrath doth range.

And doth lay the rage asleep
In the caverns of the deep,

By the senses' spell and power,
Ruling in the human hour.

And doth use the violence,
Gutting first its own rude sense ;
And doth give its flesh for food,
To time's ancient monarch's blood.

So the weakness of the earth
Savēd is from demon birth,
That would tear the world in twain,
To enjoy ten minutes' reign.

And the anarch is the plate
Of the monarch's dinner state ;
And the dishes of the mad,
Are disparted to the glad.

And so Gentleness at length,
Enters on creation's strength ;
And e'en evil yields its juice
To the plants of calmer use.

Fight the bad with gentle sword :
Peace and light from out the Word :
Love the king whose heritance
Eateth up all evil's trance.

Turner : Painter.

First shall his state be sung :
Then his art's bell be rung.

HIS STATE.

Look to the valleys where the corn
Ripens yet more the mellowing morn ;
Look to the hills where the bright mist
Rolls robes of white by morning kist.

Look to the woodlands where the doves
Crowd with their murmurs green alcoves ;
Look to the skylands where the clouds
Mantle the East with their glory-shrouds.

Look to the desert where the sand
In the glowing fingers of day is spanned ;
Look to the sea where the foamy brine
And the starry vault are in mystic twine.

Look to the hills of the golden day,
Where the temple of light doth shift and
 play,
And moveth its columns from space to space,
And smiles out anew each moment's face.

Look : but when looking is had enough,
Then prythee look upon other stuff ;
For without all looking the world goes on ;
And without all looking God's crowns are
won.

Now look then at me : 'tis a sorry look :
My little old face is a dirty book :
My little old feet are with tramping sore :
I have left my marks on the spirit shore.

I came here once in a boat of gold,
Like a sunset-warrior manifold,
And the little arts around my way,
Spread a little tent of a little day.

I was fanned by trifling Beauty's fans :
And my boat was drawn by her seemly
swans :
And my trumpet-blowers with shells of
pearl,
Like mermaids around my boat did curl.

A change came on, and my retinue
To ugliest age extremest grew ;
And the boat itself dried up to a mat,
And there with my naked feet I sat.

The Squalors came, and with palette dirty
They painted me pictures, one hundred and
thirty ;
And I had to learn from the Squalors art,
How to paint the pictures within my heart.

I'm still taking lessons from these hard
masters :
And every daub is of real disasters ;
And ugliness oozes from out of my brush ;
And ferocity's eyes are there in their push.

For beauty is soul-born in spiritual world :
And it lies in good hearts in its floweret
curled :
And the beauty of badness is ugliness :
And so I have that for my work-day dress.

But still on the Sundays I have best clothes :
And these are the wardrobe that wickedness
knows ;
I am let into paint for the best day of seven,
And there I sit rouged out till half-past
eleven.

But at twelve by the clock of the Spirit, I
rise,
And the Squalors come back with my work-
day eyes :
And again to my lesson of mud and of slate :
And that is my painting, and that is my fate.

Turner : Painter.

HIS ART.

HASTEN! onward! Bring the palette here!
Bring the water-pot! Bring canvass clear!
Let all persons leave the room; for he,
Poet-painter broods in privacy!

Bowls of carmine are on the left hand :
Bowls of blue around them gaily stand :
Bowls of silver to the right are seen,
And nigh these are bowls of meadow green.

Lo! he comes : his eye is duly mixed ;
All colors flitting in it ; none hue fixed :
He shakes his eye, and out of its full cup
The colors one by one to canvass troop.

He sees them on the canvass where he put
them :

He knoweth better now than flout or rout
them :

He needeth only to take matter's color,
And throw it in their beds, to make them
fuller.

And so, his eye discharged upon the ground,
And through his eye his fancy's pregnant
swound,

He goes to mixing with his fingers' will,
And round and round about doth colors spill.

He works in rings, in magic rings of chance;
He knows that grand effects oft run askance:
And so he prays to Nature, colour-queen,
And swears a little for a tint between.

Now mark him : he hath green impounded
well :

And now he puts carmine out from its shell;
And lovely blue with civil shake he droppeth,
And darksome brown the brightening mix-
ture stoppeth.

He works in chaoses : you are no artist :
You, Medium-man, who power to write im-
partest ;
Suffice to know he loveth Chaos old,
Because than aught create she is more bold.

And so he worketh ruleless, not to fix,
And freeze, and stiffen ; but to weld, and
mix,
That many elements thus got together,
May struggle into light from Nature's tether.

And he loves possibility, and hence
He goes far back into confusion's dance :
And shakes the dice of colors in their prism,
And sits beneath their rushing cataclysm.

Because the world does this, and every
morning,
All light comes blazing on, all darkness
scorning,
And wheresoe'er it kicks the dark, black
blue,
Beauty starts forth, blood-vigorous of hue.

So the "Old Temeraire," (ah, England! long
That happiness shall live within thy song,)

Lets natural ways rush through him : so
 may you
If you have brains and strength, and dare
 to do !

Believe me, there are ways of painting
 things,
That are allied to the great morning's wings,
Ways godlike, and the first of ways is
 this,—
Seize your own hand, and mantle your own
 bliss.

Let the World seize it : not the little world
Of sighs and sneers and doubts and dandies
 curled,
But the great world of rivers and of suns,
Through whose great door the godward glory
 runs.

Leave something to thy fellow-men also :
Leave them the right in seeing ways to
 grow :
They'll cluster round you if you heed them
 not :
But do *you* stand within the Egerian grot.

I.

William S.

Burnished armour fitteth
Well to warrior mood :
Boatman safely sitteth
On the heaving flood,
When his helm is steady,
And his sails are right :
And when all is ready,
Then is port in sight.

So I gained the lifeland,
Stepped secure on shore :
And the dusts of strifeland
Whirled about no more :
On a mountain valley,
First my feet I set :
Up a verdant alley
Wound a pathway wet.

Heavy dew had fallen,
And the grass was rank ;
And the ground was swollen,
And the moss was dank :

'Twas a moisture mortal
That oppressed my feet,
And here at life's portal
Did my wayfare meet.

I ascended slowly,
Gained dry land at last :
To a temple lowly
Then my footsteps past :
'Twas a hut for praying,
Reared by pious hands ;
And a pair were saying
There their upward bands.

As I entered inwards,
Lo ! the temple seemed
As if all three sinwards
Had that moment dreamed :
For the window glories
That till then had shone,
Now told darksome stories,
Like blind eyes of stone.

Wonder seized my being ;
Cries of wondring too
From my neighbours, seeing
Naught but blackness through !

We all met together
In the temple midst :
Each said, Brother ! brother :
Light : my light, thou hidst !

Then with explanation,
Satisfaction came :
Each eye wept its ration,
And from each eye's flame,
In the central chamber
Met three rays of light,
And a lamp of amber
Under all was dight.

I looked outwards after :
Sun nor moon was seen :
I heard wildest laughter,
Where my feet had been :
And six voices' whisper
Came at once to me :
And said : " Worldly lisper !
Where's your sanctity ? "

" You have ta'en your temple,
And put out God's light :
You would fain be simple,
You would sure be right :

But all your own way though,
All from your own eyes :
But now you must stay though,
And learn otherwise."

I took up the amber,
Blew with lip and lung,
But its flame would clamber,
And play would its tongue :
I tried all my puffings
To blow out my candle,
But for all my soughings,
There my babe would dandle.

I took dust of benches,
I took hassock tops :
But none suchlike quenches,
And none suchlike stops,
Gushing fire of lamplight,
Purging from mine eyes :
'Twas a green and damp light,
Like a meteor's cries.

My companions hollow
Both had gone away,
And I fain would follow,
But my feet said, "Nay !

You must see your light out,
Or 'twill burn all down :
If it have its spite out,
'Twill consume your town."

So I said : " I have it :
I will shut my eyes :
And the light can't brave it,
When its fountain dies."
Then I closed my eyelids,
But could stir no step :
But deprived of spylids,
All sight could, was, weep !

Sudden arm did catch me :
In the dark it held :
Nay, its gripe did scratch me :
'Twas like dame of eld :
Then I cried : " Lord help me :
Or I'm murdered here :
This hot clutch will scalp me :
Lord, Lord, Lord of fear !"

With that warning wailing,
Light star-faint did shine :
Like one poor ray sailing
Through dark midnight's mine :

Then in gloom of brightening,
Through the window realm,
I saw harmless lightning
With clouds harmless helm.

And an angel spirit,
Whom I did not know,
But I loved her merit,
And I knew her glow,
Said : " Poor brother sailor,
Floods are sad to thee :
Would thy cheek were paler
Than it yet shall be.

" Thou hast much to wander :
Much light to undo :
Fire and frost to squander :
Love and light to rue ;
For in all thy trials,
Thou hast made thy state,
And filled all thy vials
With a Quaker's fate.

" Thou dost make thine own light ;
Christ, though, makes light true :
Ours is but death-bone-light :
Dark light, wicked blue ;

Heaven has all her blessings
Where the lap is spread,
And love's true caressings
Where self-love is dead.

“ So put out the glow-worm
Of thine inward self,
Which is oft the slow-worm
Born from heart of pelf :
Then the temple's glory
Shineth for thy feet,
And in heaven thy story
Shall have heaven's own heat.”

II.

Mary S.

I WAS thine earliest friend,
Am still thy friend :
My voice did earliest lend
Its care to tend

Thy bed of sleep and sickness :
Thy little walks :
And I now know thy weakness :
And thy heart's talks.

Forget me not, dear James,
Thine uncle neither :
Both of us have new names :
Both are together :
You saw our earthly courting,
While yet a boy :
Learn now of higher sorting,
And heavenly joy.

My death bed was scarce over,
When I awaked one noon,
And saw that heaven did cover
My mortal weakness soon :
I met thy mother's faces,
They glowed with angel life,
And knew her loving graces,
And saw her vestments rife.

She took me to a fountain,
And there I bathed my limbs ;
And on a golden mountain
Whose staircases were hymns,

We walked with new delighting,
And much I wondered then :
I saw her hand was writing
With rays of airy pen.

I asked her of that scripture :
She said it was a word
To send a new born rapture
To those her loving stirred :
I saw flame letters springing
From out her hand in air,
And music bells were ringing
With the same fragrance fair.

We came unto her mansion :
'Tis on a separate hill ;
And it hath much expansion,
Because its length doth fill
A valley looking upwards
Unto a higher land,
And ever sunny-slopedwards
Its terraced breadthways stand.

I entered, and a maiden
Of cheer-bright beauty came,
And her left arm was laden
With baskets full of flame :

Bright flowers like fire's own workings
Were springing from her care,
And they took all my irkings,
And so I left them there.

We sat upon a silken bench,
And as my fountain grew,
And light no day shall ever quench
Was lit within me true,
I lifted up mine eyes again,
And then thy mother once,
Bade me look through her window pane,
And feel the sun the nonce.

I gazed : methought a cloud rose up,
And covered o'er the scene :
And took the likeness of a cup,
And a sea rolled between :
And as I wondered what it meant,
And strained my heart to see,
The cup was shook, and o'er it went,
And its wave flowed to me.

And further waiting then,
What the next act might be,
I saw a dreamy glen,
Filled with a rill of glee :

And cottages of flowers,
Grew softly tended there :
Methought they looked like bowers
Whose weaving life was prayer.

And on a little cot,—
Seemed little where I stood,—
There stood a starry spot,
Which said : Thy house is good :
It looked as but one room :
It looked as but a foot :
But I felt it could bloom,
Because it had a root.

And so thy mother said :
“Now Astra, now thy cot
And all thy daily bread
Hath fallen to thy lot :
And thou shalt homeward wend,
And I will go with thee :
And one day will we tend
In heart-joined ministry.”

We wended down her hill,
And up my hill we flew :
The seeming of the rill
Was but heaven's wealth of dew :

The flowers of virtuous scents
And righteous hues were there,
And nearer still, contents :
And in the homestead, prayer.

And as we entered in,
The house no longer strait,
Broad length of love did win,
And dignity for gate :
And angel ministers,
Each posted for love's use,
Were welcome harbingers,
And did our girdles loose.

The house not made with hands,
Yet made by life of mine :
I saw that all life's sands
Had quarried forth its wine :
'Twas made by him, the Lord :
'Twas made through me, his child :
'Twas built up in his Word,
And through Him reconciled.

But when our day was done :
Days here are states of life :
I felt I was alone :
Yet knew I was a wife :

I had permission given
To leave my blessed place,
And quit my home in heaven,
To see a lower face.

Upturned I saw that eye,
It had death's mark thereon :
And then I saw it die :
And then I saw it gone :
A moment, and it seemed
Annihilation's yawn :
Faith came : the God-light beamed,
And with it, being's dawn.

He knew me not ; for I
Must wisely wait his good :
I watched his every sigh,
And brought him heavenly food :
I was his gaoler first,
And then his waiting maid,
And then his sickness nurst,
And then we jointly prayed.

He often asked for me :
I said, Heaven was afar :
And then, in slumber's key,
I shewed him cottage-star.

At length the hill was gained :
Our state together flowed :
The feet were then unstained,
And the new pair love God.

The Traveller.

"The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come."—*Isaiah xxi. 11, 12.*

EASE is on thee shed :
Ease of pleasant lines :
And the heart is wed
To the graceful vines
That do clustering trail
O'er thy window-sill :
Welcome, brother ! hail !
In, and take thy fill.

For the night is dark,
And the night is cold,
And the night is stark,
And the night is bold ;

And the murky foot
Of the darkness steals
Over goodly fruit,
And its heart congeals.

Then the traveller said,
That the night was his,
For a holy rede,
And a deed that is
Needful for all days,
And for other time,
And that pilgrim gaze
Must be more sublime.

So he went his way,
And a lion came,
And in darkness-fray,
He had duty-flame :
And the lion tooth
Though it bit him sore,
Caught the blade of truth
In its wicked core.

So again he went,
And a cottage stood :
Aged man was bent
Underneath its hood :

And a little lamp
Trickled light around :
And the walls were damp
With the waters sound.

And the traveller now
Asked about the night :
And he strook his brow,
Where his helm was bright :
And the old man said,
Night for ever more
Hung around his bed,
Where his blind eyes snore.

And he knew not day,
And he knew not night ;
For the ocean ray
Of the sunny light,
Goes to other balls,
Setteth upon his ;
Dwelleth in the halls
Of a partial bliss.

Then the traveller sat,
Opened out his scrip :
Gave the old man that
That did bless his lip :

Wine from mountain sides
Where the barren soil,
When the sun betides,
Gives both wine and oil.

And the old man now,
Wild with joy and pain,
Felt within his brow,
Two eye fires again.
And he saw the light,
And he saw the guest,
And his heart was bright,
Waiting for the rest.

So the traveller said :
“ Lord, be here to-day :
Give us daily bread,
That our hearts may pray :”
And the old man too,
Wonder-eyed again,
Heard the blessing true
Of the dear amen.

But in other times,
Comes the traveller same :
Visits other climes :
Other hearts to tame.

And where eyes are not,
If but blind is known,
There he seeks the cot,
And doth couch the stone.

And What of the night ?
Is the query first,
That betokens light
In the bosom nurst :
And the Watchman here
Who is ever nigh,
Is the Saviour dear,
Come to heart and eye.

And He says to such,
Says to asking-blind,
That the mercy-pouch
Is not hard to find :
That it is the sun,
And it is the heaven :
And that eye is won
When the light is given.

But that evil's rays,
Evil's lion-eyes,
That see in dark ways,
Beaming bright with lies,

Must be first destroyed,
And his tooth be broke,
Ere light can be joyed,
Or good hearing's yoke.

And the night and morn,
And the morn and night,
That are henceforth born,
Are of second sight :
And the starry sheaves
In the newer dome
Are the light God weaves
Round the heavenly home.

He went out by night,
To encounter ill,
That our seership bright,
Might our bosoms fill :
He would take no rest,
Till the deed was done,
That should see us blest
With his spirit-sun.

Value then the gift :
'Tis the morning fresh ;
Spirit upward lift :
Put down lion-flesh.

Cultivate the ray,
Wind thyself thereon :
It doth go to day,
Day to Christ, his throne.

Thorvaldsen.

Now pour wine abroad in goodly cups :
Spirit legions come in troops :
He, the maker of clay-men,
Steppeth down to earth again :
In his hand a diamond chisel :
Clay to him is flesh and grizzle :
He hath caught the secret way
That proportion hath to play.

He took home from earth much clay :
'Twas the burden of his way :
Making creatures as he went,
When he came, his stock was spent :
Then he looked abroad, and asked,
By the Maker to be tasked :
And he had commission given,
To make statues twelve for heaven.

So he went to work forthwith :
Clad their bones and joints with pith :
Put the meaning in their eyes :
Heart seemed glowing : and surprize,
Wonder, admiration, love,
Through the statues twelve did move :
But when they were nearly done,
Chance unlucky through them run.

For upon a morning hour,
When the sculptor waned in power,
Lo their heads bent down with weight,
And their clay had tottering gait :
And in short they all subsided,
And into twelve clay-heaps glided.
So the sculptor rubbed his eyes,
And he felt a mild surprize.

What to do ? the angels came,
And the twelve clay-heaps did blame ;
And they told him, if he'd faith,
He might soon escape this scathe :
That the way to have the men
Stand upon their feet again,
Was to wet their bodies well
With the wave in ocean shell.

So to seaward then he went :
Down to spirit-sea he bent :
Brought up Amphitrite's horn
Full of beaded water-corn :
Poured it on the statue heaps :
Then the men arose with leaps ;
And Promethean-like they stood :
And their veins held real blood.

Then they told him, the next time,
Not to care for looks sublime,
But to draw his mastery
From the ocean of the sky,
For that sculpture is the heaven,
And that cherubs are its leaven,
And that ocean is first form,
That shall Northern Sculptor warm.

So he took commission soon
For a palace near the noon,
Where the solar majesty
Doth around on statues lie :
And he fired the eye of art
With the spell of ocean heart :
And his Apostolic hand
Poured live stone through all the land.

'Tis the groundwork of his art
Here he wishes to impart :
Let the sculptor never deem
Sculpture is a human dream :
'Tis immensity in man
Is the sculptor's only plan :
And the sun and moon and stars
Are the sculptor's winning-bars.

Newness.

WORLDLINESS wrappeth her mantle around,
Catcheth the light of the day,
Liveth in church, in the organ-bell's sound,
Prayeth, but never doth pray.

Sombre it stealeth as night cometh on,
Stumbleth all over the grave :
Moonshine is saddening and weakening and
wan ;
Worldliness walketh to rave.

Witchlike it croucheth mid moon-covered
 graves,
 Counteth its fingers of sin :
And as it recks them, the shadow-bright
 waves
 Wash it more thin and more thin.

Then comes a change o'er the bed of the
 moon ;
 Picking the bedclothes of earth
Worldliness mutters with dust in its swoon :
 Worldliness mutters of birth.

Morning comes fainter than thought's dis-
 tant spear,
 Ere it is thought to be thought ;
Hill tops the highest hear first the faint
 cheer ;
 Worldliness counts it for naught.

Yet it is leading a day to the land ;
 Day that sets never again :
Day whose young face by that morning is
 fanned
 That rises on heaven's own plain.

Sunders the darkness, and slumbers the
moon,
And the stars are consumed into dawn,
And the flute of the sunrise is heard as a
tune
That moves o'er the beautiful lawn.

Where is worldliness now? lo it died in the
night,
And the angels said prayers for the day:
'Twas the star that had forehead for upper-
most sight,
But turned its round planet away.

And so the lamp shattered when light of
the Lord
Came hymning through deeps of the soul:
And the fragments were gathered, and made
as a sword,
And brandished from pillar to pole.

And that is the sword that now cleaves
down the land
That still in its vision distress,
Hath welcome and work and good property
banned,
To those whose desert is the best.

Edgar Allan Poe.

WISTFUL I sat at table,
And eyed the various dishes :
There was bread white and sable,
And beasts and birds and fishes :
There was fruit heaped in measures,
Red cheeks of luscious fruits :
And there were all earth's pleasures ;
And all earth's bitter roots.

And as I sat and wondered,
To see such goods around,
And as my high brow pondered,
And my eye looked profound,
A guest on neighboring sitting,
Accosted me with glee,
And I saw madness flitting
Within his memory.

He said : " How came you hither ?
You have no title here :
My little eye could wither
The fruits your eyes revere :

They are my subject creatures :
Created by my rays :
They ripen through my features ;
And my smiles are their days."

Said I : " You're very mighty :
The peaches are your sons :
The fishes quick, birds flighty,
And every beast that runs :
The truffles underground too,
Are babies of your brains :
The grass upon the mound too
Grows up from your eye-rains."

With this kind recognition,
My mad friend was appeased,
And in his brain's perdition,
He coughed and hemmed and sneezed ;
And touched with royal feeling,
God-like insane he sat,
And then he took to reeling,
And crouched upon the mat.

So then I mesmerised him,
To be creator's king,
And oh ! how much I prized him,
When fastened in my ring :

I led him by his nose-sphere,
And ran him up and down,
And raising then his toes' sphere,
I made his foot his crown.

And then his feet set talking,
Let out some sense at last :
His head was fit for walking :
His nether part was cast
Into a mould of sayings
The opposite of those
That were his former brayings :
The truth ran from his toes.

In life all topsy-turvy
His little soul had been ;
And he had lived in scurvy,
With not a thought between :
So here set right-side downwards,
Sense from his posture grew,
And all his madness crownwards,
From all his members flew.

Then sitting at the table,
I left him standing there,
And dined while I was able,
And heard him pray a prayer :

His head prayed to his fetlocks,
That they would go right way :
And then he shook his wet-locks,
And cast his sweat away.

And there I left him standing :
And what was very funny,
The waiter at the landing,
Just as I paid my money,
Told me that change was growing,
Upon my patient's stock :
And that his head was snowing
Right upward ruddy flock.

And that his feet were gaining
Strange features from below ;
And that his toes were raining
Toe-nails upon his brow :
And that his heart and liver
Were shuffling in their seats :
And that he heard them quiver,
And saw their anxious heats.

In short, a transmutation
Was quickly going on,
Whereby the madman's ration
Was turning upside down :

The feet so low and humble,
That always did obey,
And never yet did stumble,
Became the head of clay.

The head that was so knowing,
And that was made with sin,
Had ankle-bones a-growing,
From out the nose's bin ;
And he now knew the reason,
Why he that hath much given,
Must at another season
Pay all his bill to heaven.

And now I tell you fairly,
Of this metamorphose ;
It changed the fellow rarely,
And left him half a nose :
But not an eye was blinking
Upon his barren face :
But he did all his thinking
Within his gullet's space.

For look you, though his top-part
Changed places with his feet,
And though he had his shop-part,
With spirit to compete,

Yet life of toes and ankles
Is poor to people brains :
And such like poorness rankles
In penalties and pains.

And every time I dine there,
I see my sad inversion :
I hear him pine and whine there :
And know his dire coercion :
He is the worldly miser,
That thinks he's god of wealth,
And is his God's despiser,
And lives in his own stealth.

Now mark ! this upside-downness,
Is no uncommon state :
But like an eating brownness,
It scars the worldly great :
And then in world of spirit,
Where very truths are things,
Each catches his own merit,
And soars on his own wings.

1857.

LORD, bless the home in Fifty-seven :
Be greater life within us given :
More love of thee, our Father King :
And more of free-will offering.

Let self-denial be more oft ;
Let heart of stone be rendered soft :
Let life be guided by thy Word,
And love-pools be by angels stirred.

Let spiritual gifts always
Be added crown to useful days :
And light be valued only for
The increase of true blessings store.

Let vanity be banished far,
Nor dim our hope's perpetual star ;
And pride, deep serpent of the breast,
Yield to dove-peace her vacant nest.

Let child-love in the parents glow,
And parent-love in children blow ;
And usefulness with strong embrace
Bind all in one our little race.

So Fifty-seven shall have great gift ;
And our hearts' Father's mercy lift
The veil that hides the world of love,
And let our feet in lovelight move.

East Wind :

A LANDSCAPE : AFTER SALVATOR ROSA.

THE pines are ill at ease :
The little woodbirds tease,
And whine and peck and grind :
They live upon the wind :
And like the wind they eat,
They feel the chilly heat.

The husbandman is sad,
His housewife partly mad ;
She looketh to the sky,
And the moon shakes her eye :
The bright chill cruel moon :—
She calls her man a loon.

The cattle out of temper,
And the soft lambkins whimper :

The grass feels very sore
That it must grow the more,
Because it is so cold,
That growth is growing old.

The finger-tips of skill
Are bluey with no will :
And the cheek dusty dry
Seams to the cracky eye,
And the fair appetite
Feeleth the eastern spite.

Because the East Wind's power
Cometh from Fancy's bower,
Where all the poison twigs
Shake their electric legs,
And the red sunset-glow
Bloodies them through and through.

And yet the East Wind kind
Hath thought within his wind ;
He is the winding-sheet
Of the Old Year's dead heat ;
But he's the earliest dress
Of New Year's nakedness.

And time shall come when he
Shall lead the feast of glee :
When babes are better cared for ;
And poor men are prepared for ;
Then shall the East Wind bind
Soft swathings round man's kind.

Daily Bread.

Lord, is there any spirit-theme to-day
That may around my willing footsteps play ?

The morning's theme
Of spirit-stream,
Is improvising's power,
And spirit-healing's dower.

WAKE, oh ! waken, waken once again :
Quit the bed of drowsing, spirit-pain,
Ramble o'er the country-sides, and see
How the men and maidens wait for thee.

Rush down to the rivers : see their fish :
How they glance and dart like lover's wish :
See the birds, they wheel like music-notes,
And around each one its own heaven floats.

Rise unto the hills : the lowing cows,
And bright sheep-spots wander on and
browse :

They draw the patterns of their thought-
ness loves

O'er all the ground where heavenly foot-
step moves.

Row upon the lake of evening's sky :
Fancy's gold, and image-loving eye
Wander there in bright confusion's isles,
Where still order in blest back ground
smiles.

All is free, all fearless, all gone forth
From the honest palm of this hour's worth :
Thought hath not a part in this bright
range,
But the world above is living strange.

So it is with thee : so it shall seem :
Life shall come from out life's deeper dream :
And upon the surface of the sun
Men shall see what was within begun.

Most shall Christ then come in words of life,
And the new live church shall be his wife ;

And each morn the priesthood new created,
Shall each noon with Christ be newly mated.

And old death those days shall die so fast,
That of death no count shall be at last,
But he shall be called the nick of time,
And his voice shall be the joint of rhyme.

And his function then shall be to take
Worn out seeds into his fruitful lake,
And to dip them there till season pass,
Then to plant them out for newer grass.

Song shall float for the first time from
 heaven
When men know whence song hath music
 given,
For 'tis heaven's fat clouds of incense red,
That in dews of poesy are shed.

Kings shall govern first when kings are
 made
Out of Him that first the rule essayed :
They shall find their crowns when sleep is
 done,
And shall give them back at set of sun.

And next day another set of kings
Shall grow forth and bloom with empire's
wings,
And the priests and kings shall then be
wed
In "Lord, give us to-day our daily bread."

Fearfulness.

HUSH! do not say a word :
The truth is perilous :
The great pool will be stirred :
And this were wrong for us.

We live in sweet suppression,
The violets of dark groves :
And through our intercession,
The fashion-chariot moves.

We love the truth in season,
When no one else is near :
But then it stands to reason,
That there is much to fear.

The world is trammelled up :
Our state is with it wove :
We drink of fortune's cup,
And of wealth's modest love.

Don't carry things too far,
Martyrdom is not good :
And crucifixion's star
Shines o'er a distant flood.

Don't mention spiritualism
Except when we're alone :
Our's is the parson's chrism :
We stand upon his stone.

Rome : Pope.

I AM shewn a mouth,
Square as hole of pit,
And it opes to south,
And hath hell in it.

And its teeth are broke,
On its jagged sides :
And it hath a yoke
O'er its ears that rides.

And a bit of iron
In its teeth is clamped,
And it doth environ
All its neck that ramped.

I am shewn a woman,
In a scarlet robe,
Not a hearty yeoman
Lives on all her globe.

Not a manly simple
Wheresoe'er she treads,
And o'er every temple
Dung of owls she spreads.

But a lightning pillar,
Stauncher than the clouds,
Cometh down, to fill her
With the shame of crowds.

'Tis the spirit glory,
 Manly as the heaven,
 Rends her breastwork gory,
 And her reign is riven.

Napoleon to Napoleon.

WEIRD sisters set thee where thou art :
 Thou shalt not stand :
 Thou seest already the fell dart—
 Thou seest the hand.

The hand is freedom's in a glove of sin,
 Peace tipped with steel :
 Thou feelst its point moving within,
 Thy strength doth reel.

Thou art a gamester where thou sittest ;
 Thy dice, men's bones :
 Thou candleman ; ne'er yet thou littest
 The light of thrones !

I see thy funeral procession all,
 White chanting priests ;
Thou art an ox within the priestly stall,—
 No king of beasts.

Destruction fattens thee for morrow's dinner,
 Bastes thee with money :
The meat upon thy bones to many a sinner
 Shall yet be honey.

Great arbiter of elegancies fine,
 Lord of the fashion,
Within thy veins runneth no better wine
 Than *Ego's* passion.

France, when full drest for her next party,
 Shall brush her boots of thee :
And have a ruler fatter and more hearty,
 And with some human glee.

Napoleon I. ; what of him ?

WHAT of him ? what a question !
 Ripe for a bad digestion :
 He cometh in a cloud,
 Red coated, thunder-browed.

Upon his head a helm
 Doth his eyes overwhelm,
 And through it runs a dart
 Skewered to his brainy part.

And then his shoulder winces,
 As that fell dart convinces,
 For 'tis war's reason sharp
 That in his brains doth carp.

He is forced now to war,
 A very Swiss *de guerre*,
 And his right hand hath sword
 By his right hand abhorred.

For like the itch within,
 And that upon the skin,
 Brain-dagger ceaseth then,
 When sword's in hand again.

Oh ! horrible, his brain
Is sheath of his sword's pain,
And his brains one release
Is sword stuck in lamb's fleece.

What is his sword ? It is
A lump of verdigris,
That grew upon a coin
Long chinking at his loin.

It rankled, festered there,
Into a wizard prayer,
And by black art it grew,
And fastened to his thew.

It is finance that drove
Ambition through its love :
And now his emperor sword,
Rests on a merchant's word.

The eye that in him lies,
Is that great merchant's prize :
Pawned for a million franks,
In cellar of the bank's.

He lies at night on bones,
Softened by feathery stones ;

These are the down of war,
And blunt the scimitar.

And now then, shoulder arms!
And now set on and slay!
The weird ones have their charms,
And to those charms we pray.

Corpse Candles.

IF we were wise,
Our little eyes
Would see a many things
That now outlie
The little spy
Of our imaginings.

Among the rest,
If we were blest,
Voices of warning love
Would tell the house
When either spouse,
Or kin, were called above.

And even now
In simple trow,
The light of future death
Troops from the hearth
To spot of earth
In melancholy wraith.

Corpse candles gleam,
A flickering stream,
Down road, o'er bridge, and lane,
And one by one
Glide flickering on,
And then successive wane.

High use methinks
The spirit drinks,
Of coming time for man,
From village seers,
When spirit years
Unroll new social plan.

These ghostly lights
Prepare for flights
Of souls new called to life :
And dignity
For all who die
Lives in their precincts rife.

For so 'tis clear
That each man's bier
Is known in Nature's heart ;
And the old dame
Prepares her flame
To do a natural part.

Her phosphorus
Serves spirit thus,
And solemnizes earth ;
And glows for death ;
Illumineth
Fresh seeds of matter's birth.

She maketh ghosts
Throughout her hosts ;
Impregnates winds with man :
And teacheth ground,
And matter's swoond,
How human is her plan.

And had we heed,
Past narrow creed,
'Twere well that we should know,
That such a time
The church-bell chime
Should for our heaving go.

We'd make our wills,
Put off our ills ;
And preparation's garb
Fit deftly on ;
Caparison
That blunteth all death's barb.

So social use
Would yield its juice
From these unlucky gleams ;
And death's faint lights
Were welcome heights ;
For death but only seems.

Corpse candles then
Were symptoms plain ;
Like other symptoms read ;
And men would call
Their kindred all
Around the welcome bed.

And science sweet
Of heavenly heat,
Built strong from dismal signs,
Would teach our race
That e'en death's face
With stern-sweet order shines.

The Fay-Soul.

WITHIN, all things
Are filled with wings :
Lesser and lesser winglets :
Time's breezes blow
On Nature's brow,
And wanton with her ringlets.

And all things wise
Are filled with eyes,
And seeing keepeth seeing :
And hearts have hearts
Within their parts,
And being clusters being.

'Tis a great hive
Of things that wive
With things that mate them nicely :
The bees of soul
Roll, roll, and roll
In Order's ring precisely.

The soul itself
On curious shelf,

Put by far past its kenning,
Hath other soul
Of deeper goal
Cabined within its penning.

The reason is,
That God, I wis,
In making angel creatures,
Hath ends unknown,
Eterne, alone,
Above apparent features.

From salient point,
Creation's joint,
The Limner draws his linings,
And weaves the woof
Of spirit roof
From heaven's own first refinings.

But after all,
The woven ball
Is coarse to his intention,
And over it
Doth ever flit
The light of its prevention.

That light is soul
Within the whole,
And ne'er can be created :
'Tis his fay-light,
And is too bright
With reals to be mated.

So uncreate
It keeps its state
Above the tissued spirit :
And thro' the soul
Its thunders roll,
And yet no soul can hear it.

'Tis as with seed :
The yearly need
Gives plants but few to stature,
For few there are
That gain their star,
Or plant their foot in nature.

The seed's a fay
That lives away
In ample folds of beauty,
And in the arms
Of God's first forms
Does God's own germs of duty.

These germs supreme
Are morning's beam
Through which creation issues :
They stand around,
While through the ground
Earth draws her wondrous tissues.

And so all things
Have fairy rings
Behind their real shadows,
And souls of souls
And poles of poles
Make deep the God-light's meadows.

Love hath them most,
For on Love's coast,
More's meant than meaning covers :
And seen profound,
There is no ground
In heaven, but love and lovers.

God means to make
An angel-lake
More vast than can be made ;
And his great thought,
Though never wrought,
Can never be betrayed.

It stops in fays,
Eternal plays,
Of infinite delight :
So each man's meant,
Before he's sent,
To be quite infinite.

And this it is,
Again I wis,
That gives fay-soul to man :
'Tis not himself,
Nor yet his elf,
But 'tis his Godlike Plan.

Edward Francis Finden.

ENGRAVING ; that's my mission :
When I got up from bed,
And saw my new position,
And looked up overhead,
I found out all my error,
My brethren's error too,
And felt a gentle terror,
And then a gentle rue.

To see my brother gravers
All copying short-sighted,
And working on as slavers
To painters, to be slighted :
For so their very souls
Become all second-hand :
And poverties in shoals
Are printed through the land.

Turner despised engravers,
Even if he never said it ;
He said they were poor shavers,
In his ripe eye I read it :
Because like lawyers' clerks,
They were all stationary,
And made up lights and darks
For other folks more chary.

Now since I came up here :
Thank Christ, my pilot Lord :
And have begun to rear
My shoulders to my board,
And to breathe life again,
After long sickness past,
My Graver comes amain,
And cleaveth to my taste.

But then my Graver saith :
I'm spiritual now,
And I am tool of faith,
And life directs my prow,
And I won't sail in ditch
Of any mortal's lines :
Painters must not bewitch
The light that o'er me shines.

I will kiss steel first-hand :
Steel is my bonny bride :
Conception, life, love's band,
May o'er my fortunes ride :
But copying of paint
Will serve my turn no more :
The thought would make me faint
Upon the spirit-shore.

Yes, I must improvise,
Or taste steel not at all ;
The rocks have human eyes
At the good sculptor's call :
And so the hardest steel
Shall bear my impress grand,
Whene'er the soul can feel
Guidance of spirit-hand.

And Finden now would fain :
Edward would fain tell all :—
Were Murray here again,
E'en Murray should sing small :—
He hath the mission now,
On the more living coast,
To raise the engraver's brow,
Toward the heavenly host.

Then steel shall soften well,
And a new art be born :
And from a plenteous shell
The river of the morn
Shall come in spirit-rays
Where slavery once was seen :
And the steel's second days
Shall bloom in valleys green.

For Spirit copies not :
It cannot copy man :
Each spirit is a plot
With its own fiery span :
And so the day shall come,
When each himself shall live :
Each Art have its own dome
Within God's general hive.

Berzelius: his Laboratory.

ANON the vision spreads :

Sweden is mine no more :

The heart enfranchised weds

Life on another shore :

But crucible and pot

Are still eternal gear :

And I have gained a lot

Where chemic wonders rear.

The spiral of my life

Leads round and round its slopes,

And in atomic strife

I see creation's hopes :

The Lord of life and death,

And composition's King,

In chemic wedding wreath

His blessed flowers doth ring.

My laboratory stands

Upon a mountain side,

And is not built with hands,

But out of lightning's tide,

It is attracted forth,
Deposited each day ;
And its most primal worth
Is heaven's one chemic ray.

It decomposes oft,
And changes with its hill,
And all its walls are soft,
And ether's heart doth spill
Essential salts around,
And alkaloids of soul,
That build the chemic ground
Into one moving whole.

The walls are diamond light,
Of silken truth they are,
And their plain blaze bedight
With penetration's star :
Analysis that cuts
With knife of knife of knife,
And sunders essence-ruts,
And separateth strife.

And lo ! within the walls
Peculiar lustre shines,
And wheresoe'er it falls,
Its diving light divines

The secret rays of things,
 Locked in each other's arms,
And letteth out their wings,
 And painteth chemic charms.

The assistants of my board
 Are not of human kind,
But yet obey my word,
 More rapid than the wind :
Tall statues stand erect
 Within my corners four,
And ever circumspect
 They gaze upon my door.

They are Attraction first,
 A state with begging hands :
And in his eye is nursed
 A power that weaveth bands
Around all creatures' brows,
 And draweth forth all hearts,
And teacheth spouse and spouse
 To spirit nature's parts.

And Magnetism second,
 That doth reckon more of man ;
And his long arms have beckoned
 The gist of starry plan :

And he cements all beings
 Attracted to their bed ;
And hath within his seeings
 The deep ground overhead.

Electric statue third
 Stands in my southern zone :
With eye-glance like a bird,
 And heart of living stone :
Quivering in raying flights,
 Ramping in fine *ecstase* ;
Woof of all days and nights ;
 The sunbeam's glory-vase.

The statue fourth I have,
 Is white and hot and hard :
He stands on matters grave,
 And is creation's pard,
Spotted with life eterne,
 Fire is his name on earth,
But thy world hath no urn
 To hold his chemic worth.

My little maids also
 Stand near my table rim :
Light is my Maiden Glow,
 And Colour is her hymn :

And Life the second maid
That at my table serves,
And wheresoe'er she played,
She leaveth chemic curves.

My table is of crystal,
A crystal flower it grows ;
And mortar too and pestle
Are but the living rose
That doth work round for me,
My will transmuting there,
For I live in its tree,
Its chemic soul to share.

And I have beasts of fire
That are all chemic flood,
And ripe with my desire,
They change their atom blood,
And shew me all their loom,
And all its fabrics grand :
And then their secrets bloom,
Published from chemic hand.

And angels visit here,
Though I not angel yet :
But still they bring a tear,
And still my couch is wet :

And in my chemic thought,
That tear comes forth to me :
And then its frame is wrought,
For chemic mystery.

For lo ! 'tis water mere :
And lo ! 'tis gas next time :
But overmore the tear
Wins back its former clime :
And I can't analyze,
But drop upon my knees ;
The baby in me cries ;
My tears are angel-trees.

The laboratory gone :
Berzelius stands in awe :
Based on a newer stone,
He knows not chemic law :
The change his heart desires
Is not of atoms, Lord !
Melt him with holier fires :
Absorb him in thy Word.

The Lawyers : what of them ?

RANGED on stools, there they sit,
Bench of fools, full of wit :
Bench of zanies keen as knives,
Free of tongue, on all archives.

There they sit, from age to age :
Leathern soles of the world's stage :
And for every hour they sit,
They do spoil the nation's wit.

And on all sides lo ! they look,
With a vision like a cook,
When she bastes a venison haunch,
Fatly for a monarch's paunch.

And the beauty of their dream,
As upon their bench they seem,
Is old justice, fat and flavoured,
Carved for them, and by them savoured.

Lo ! the logic skeletons
Serve them for their meat with stones,
And for reasonings they try
How the logic-stones will fry.

They have ghosts of actors poor
For their guardian angels sure,
And their brains like dresses worn,
Are sieves held for public corn.

Lord, how long shall these offend ?
And what is their latter end ?—
They shall live on bench of glee,
Long as human cruelty.

They shall date with quarrel, years :
Time, with hypocritic tears :
Long as luxury hath tether,
They shall warm their arid leather.

And as long as grasping man
Tears down others' walls that ban
Passage to another's goods,
Lawyers shall dwell in their woods.

Blame them not, but blame thyself :
They are but thy dolls of pelf :
Thou didst put on their fine wigs :
Thou dost feed all thine own pigs.

The Fairy Veils.

THERE are three veils in fairy land :
Three veils, saith Little Love :
And they are made with fairy hand,
And chemistry of fairy wand,
Veiled uses to approve.

The veils are made of fairy air ;
For fairy land has all :
They take some atoms out, and rare
And strong the veil beyond compare
That doth around us fall.

For chemistry is native clime
To skill of fairy souls.
Atoms of nature most sublime,
Fitting each other in deep rhyme,
Kissing each other's poles,

Are traversed like rich stepping stones,
Mosaic of God's floor,
By fairy sciences, whose tones
Touch squares, and cubes, and rounds,
and cones,
And con them o'er and o'er.

They can make all things so
From atom-bricks of form,
And weave the woof, to glow
Radiant as morning's snow,
In skyland after storm.

And the first veil from air,
Is that which hides the fays,
And filmeth mortal stare,
And hinders man to bear
The spirt of spirit rays.

It drops on land and sea,
And drops on fairy temple,
And landscapes great and free,
By its diaphany,
Look poor and brown and simple.

The doubleness of things,
The life within the scape,
Take to themselves quick wings,
And wondrous blossomings
Hide behind matter's cape.

The second veil is deeper,
And hideth more :

Within it man is sleeper,
And dreamer oft, and creeper
Round narrow shore.

It shuts from unborn life,
From fays unfleshed,
From spirit islands rife
With unconceptions : strife
Hath no such fays inmeshed.

And it shuts deep from deep,
Grand Order's bound :
Footfall more soft than sleep :
Than the soul more profound :
Holier than hallowed ground.

The third of veils again,—
So telleth Little Love,—
Is private in its skein,
For her exactest fane,
And for her special dove.

Her husband found it out ;
Chemic invention :
His feetlets roamed about
Through many a honeyed rout,
With still intention.

'Tis made of wax of bees,
Of fairy wax, fay bees,
And in its charming frieze,
Letteth no public breeze
Canvass the wifelet's glees.

Whatever she would hide,
By this most modest veil
Steps to retirement's side,
In her sweet cave doth bide,
Nor flappeth idle sail.

Thinner than bloom of plum,
Yet thick as castle wall,
The waxen veil doth come
Convenient to her call,
And maketh private room.

So Order hath fay veils
In every fairy world :
And modesty ne'er quails,
Because her light is curled
Through shells with coyness pearled.

And God be praised for veils,
And nuns of sweetness :

The rising sun oft pales
His glory in cloud-sails,
And robes completeness.

And we shall see, when seeing
Will do us good to have :
For then uplifted being,
With our own hearts agreeing,
Shall gleam beyond the grave.

Harebells.

WILLS that lie in coverts dim,
Shaking from their bells a hymn
That is meant for ears of wind alone :
For the belfry of the spirit-world,
Is most chiefly in the flowerets curled,
And in heavenly stillness lies its tone.

And the fairies only dream they hear,
Voices those, with winds most thinnest ear,

Which they put on for that express
desire.

But 'tis only in heavens very high
That the sounds of flowers and the dews
sigh,
Are heard in waking certainty of fire.

Two Verses for E.

LATE in the evening, gold diffused
To all the sky is given :
East, West, North, South, none is refused
The last good gold of heaven.

And so when death gives gold of good,
From his dear bed away,
More hearts than those around that stood,
Feel light from death's new day.

Tegnér.

WILLS o'the wisp are round :
They gleam with phosphorescence :
Like thin dead bodies wound
Within the shroud's death-essence :
I cannot see beyond,
Though eyes would fain look forth :
But then a murky pond
Ariseth from the North.

It is the fog of song :
The lust of singing always :
As though worlds did belong
Unto the poet's small ways :
I was a bard on earth,
Much deemed of here and there,
But poesy hath worth
Different on other stair.

And where I'm writing now,
No laurel-leaf or crown
Decketh a single brow,
From thy world's poor renown :

It is the spirit-source
That is the honor-plant,
And all the poet's force
Springeth from spirit-want.

I never prayed on earth,
Episcop though I was,
That song might draw its birth
Out of Religion's laws :
I poured bowls to the muses,
And drank their sacrifice ;
As one who ne'er refuses
Religion that is nice.

But now another story
Hath glimmered on mine ears :
And from the promontory
Of quite new hopes and fears,
I see another bardland,
With other harp for king :
That other is the wardland
Of sweet truth's humblest string.

The olden time had caught me,
With robber-lore it came ;
And Free-Thief's Saga wrought me
Into strength's natural flame :

My coffin was no other
When first I came to life,
Than Frithiof, and his pother
Of dirt and dust and strife.

The angels took me from it,
With tender separation :
The demons made me vomit
For loss of reputation :
'Twas struggle long, and battle
'Twixt lowliness and pride :
I gave up your world's rattle,
And then my sadness died.

And now my message gloweth
With love to all my kin :
Because my mission sheweth
Fire ruddy-good within :
I would unself my poet,
And break his cords of wiles :
And let him reckon and know it,—
Pride leases and defiles.

You ask to know my status,
And it shall now be given :
I have no new afflatus
Of song from bardic heaven,

But brought to feet of Christ,
My office is exchanged,
And works on earth small-priced,
Are now as blessings ranged.

I take fresh souls by hand,
And as they enter in,
I reckon well their band,
And count their several kin :
And register their minds,
According to delights ;
And in this my muse finds
Much work on starry nights.

'Tis all a music-marching :
Song is all-presence here :
And most when souls are parching,
And come to water clear :
Then, as they lift the beaker,
The bardic fire leaps out,
And song, now loud, now weaker,
Roams joyfully about.

So here the poet's function
Is not confined to few,
But all have music-unction :
All Kings of Good and True :

All Priests of holy places :
For heaven is church allwise ;
And yet on all heaven's faces,
Cant's slimeway never lies.

So this is mine appointment,
To welcome new come notes,
And touch with music-ointment,
Till round their lip it floats :
And when new choirs are settled,
And unison is gained,
Then my own horse is mettled,
And my own soul unstained.

For I have much to parry,
Much worldly mould to rub :
And robber-Sagas harry,
And many a rabble mob
Of sad Berserkir creatures
Rush throttling at my heart,
And writhe in at my features,
And tear my heavenly part.

But still the realm of state work
Leads on majestic walk :
And angels in their great work
Increasing round me talk ;

And when in deepest slumbers,
I've seen a cottage small,
And round it float fine numbers,
Love's numbers musical.

And near it dreams a spring,
I saw my face therein :
Methought it had a ring
Of light-love pale and thin,
That grew from pale to red,
And grew from moon to sun :
And as it grew, it shed
Around a holier zone.

And when that temple formed,
All light and love and eye,
My soul within me warmed :
I saw a Woman nigh :
And nigher still I saw,
And both within Him seemed,
Christ's glory, light and law,
Nor knew I that I dreamed.

The Diamond.

STAR of the flowers, and flower of the stars,
And earth of the earth art thou,
And darkness hath battles, and light hath
wars
That pass in thy beautiful brow.

Thou wert born on a day when the sun was
at rest,
And peace in his heart was profound :
The sigh of contentment went wafting his
breast,
And thou wert its silence of sound.

It went through the world, like all the
sun's thoughts,
And soothed through the earth to its core,
And lo ! in a spot where the sun-rays were
naughts,
It woke up a vision of yore.

Earth felt second sight of her origin grand,
Far down in the deeps of her mines :
Content became vision ; and peace was the
band
That the home of creation divines.

The eye of the ground thus was planted by
heaven,

And the dust was new wed to the sun :
And the monarch went forth : and the earth-
star was given

That back to the heaven-star should run.

So in all things it is : the first origin lives,
And loves his life out to his flock ;
And in dust, and in matter, and nature, He
gives
The spirit's last spark from the rock.

The Fairy Wand.

THERE is a power
Rules fairy hour,
And gives the grace of action ;
And in its name
Doth lie its flame
Of working and attraction.

'Tis a bright wand
Within the hand

Of Fay, all queenly sitting :
 It looks of flame ;
 And round, the same
In greener light is flitting.

 That wand is love,
 That through doth move,
Like sap thro' plants of glory :
 And on the stem,
 It drops a gem
That tells its inward story.

 In letters white
 Of diamond light
Those fairy-runes are chartered :
 With words of earth
 Of poet birth
Those runes were poorly bartered.

 For 'tis the Word
 That through has stirred,
And left Love's hieroglyphic ;
 And meaning's rush
 Doth glow and gush
Within those lines prolific.

The handle's Use ;
In goodly noose
It grasps the fairy fingers :
And when they want
Good use to plant,
That handle never lingers.

The point is truth :
'Tis tipped with youth :
It draws desire's designs.
And every want
That soul doth haunt,
Comes well within its lines.

'Tis compasses
Of lands and seas ;
Creation's goodly former ;
With that wand once,
Chaotic trance
Grew lighter still and warmer,

Till the first day
Shot the first ray
That broke first matter's slumbers,
And morning stars
In heavenly cars
Sang out creation's numbers.

But here most small,
For festival
Of fairy-small intentions ;
To draw the curve
Whose horse will serve
For fairy-small inventions.

The wand itself,
Unfit for elf,
Strong goodness hath for fibre :
Than Rome more strong ;
And all along
Doth flow strength's ruddy Tiber.

The blaze around,
A royal ground,
Is dignity of beauty ;
And polish there,
All queenly fair,
Is fitness for God's duty.

Each fay hath one ;
The corner-stone
Of all his power of action :
By this he works,
And conquers irks
With might of sweet attraction.

For stones and rocks,
And marble blocks,
And stolid wights of Nature ;
And corn and flowers,
And light and powers,
And lions in their stature ;

And light and heat,
And chemic feet
Of ceaseless transformation ;
And moon and stars,
And dungeon-bars
Of race and man and nation ;

In Orphic waltz,
Like salient salts,
To fay-wand are obedient :
And tricks of light,
Love-infinite,
Are in its quick expedient.

For it waves well
Above the spell
Of poor desire's expansion :
The love of good
Is its own rood,
The measure of its mansion.

And when the wand
Within the pond
Of life hath worked its calling ;
'Tis not laid bye
From curious eye,
Past accidents' befalling.

But to fay-breast
'Tis closely pressed,
And lo ! a miracle :—
Breast takes it in
With influx thin,
And keeps its holy spell.

It melts through heat :
The fairy feet
Its handle do absorb ;
The stem doth cease
In bosom's peace :
Fay-head hath got its orb.

For 'tis the fay
In wand doth play ;
His power in his own hand :
Dependent not
On other's lot,
But perfect in his band.

Extemporized
Are all things prized :
Not made with hands of man :
Houses and goods,
And music floods ;
For heaven's is instant plan.

But when he would
The wand should bud
From out his keeping bosom :
He raises hand
To heavenly strand,
And shuts his eyelight's blossom.

And lo ! his grasp
Doth straightway clasp
His own life's bright extension.
God gives him so
Quick power to go
Through infinite invention.

William M.

LORD, let my life be better,
And let my light abound,
And free from error's fetter
Let all my feet be found :
For Thou hast here received me :
Beyond the grave I stand :
Thy love as womb conceived me
Within the Christian land.

When I was brought from death,
And saw my foot was clear,
And that to loving faith
There was no shade of fear,
Methought an archway wooed me,
And under it I passed :
No evil there pursued me :
For evil's coil was cast.

It led me to a garden
Where all the flowers were hearts ;
Love was the blessed warden
That tended all its parts ;

It showered its roses upwards,
They hung in crimson clouds,
And then their rim ran cupwards,
And then I saw new crowds.

Within the sky above me,
And o'er the garden's span,
Were eyes whose lights did love me,
As man loves fellow-man :
I gazed with upward glances
To find who they might be :
They said they were the trances
Of coming heaven for me.

And they became a curtain
Of bliss upon my lids :
And now I saw for certain,
That when my Saviour bids,
All life and love and glory
Can flow our lives around :
For sleep had wonder-story,
And vision without bound.

I dreamt a little lake
Around my footsteps lay,
And I had but to take,
And lave within its bay,

And spiritual sources
Of life were oped within :
And on the marge, the horses
Of light and wisdom's kin.

That lake was my resource,
A treasury divine,
And there my warrior horse
Reflected, stooped to shine :
His neck was arched with beauty,
And strength was married there :
And on his back was duty,
And o'er his head was prayer.

He reared with fondest motion,
And on his sides I stood :
We both along that ocean
Moved sidewise, blood to blood :
The music of us both
Moved both the matter's piece :
And like great Behemoth
Our statures did increase.

I felt I had a Maker :
He knew my veriest grains :
He was my spirit-taker :
And counted all my pains :

And He had made my horse too,
And he and I were one :
And He would shape my course too,
And guide my foot from stone.

At length my horse was mounted,
And all his color white :
And then for hours uncounted,
I travelled in delight :
And saw a golden city,
Where pearly life was gate,
And where the Aura-Pity
Dropt tears upon the state.

This was a new baptizing :
My horse and I went here :
But ah ! God is surprising
In wonder, love, and fear :
I lost my horse herein,
And never saw him more :
They said he was a skin,
And then he was a shore.

And I went forth from thence,
Foot-mounted once again :
But I felt Providence
Had known my life and pain :

For as I passed along,
And saw the people gaze,
I heard a little song,
But one of real praise.

It said : " Now brother, go ;
Though thou hast left thine horse,
Yet now no longer slow,
But lightning is thy course :
The steeds of mortal thinking
Are low of hoof and face :
Thy newer horse is drinking
Dew-lightning for a race.

" Love enters in thy valley :
Go thither to thy home :
Heaven's little children rally
To greet thee : lo ! they come !"
A troop of little maids,
A bouquet of young boys,
Came in the sweetest braids
Of twine of joys with joys.

They were the garden now
Of a new heaven to me ;
And still on each one's brow
Flowers farther still I see :

And in the house appointed,
My horse is still mine own :
But life is now anointed,
And stands before the throne.

And use is busy footed,
And talk is sweet like winds
When songs of roses bruited,
Are in the angels' minds :
And days are not too long,
Nor ever night too sweet :
But I have still a song
That shall Emma greet.

Immanuel Kant.

CRAVEN and cowering
The ray of the light :
Lowering and lowering,
And setting in night,
Rambles the thought world,
It breaketh its foot :
'Tis false and naught-world :
The steam of the brute.

I came to right it :
But very soon found,
Thought would requite it,
And punish my ground :
Nor was I wrong there :
For lo ! one fine morning,
I heard a song there,
Like ravens a-scorning.

And it sang thus wise :
"Thy mind is a sieve :
All its beams crosswise
Believe and believe.
Like other people
Thy head is at last :
But thou'rt their church steeple,
Stuck up like their mast."

So I did ponder :
And song came again :
Song for a wonder :
For song's not my vein.
It said : "Mister Kant,
You are a fine man :
But your mind is a plant,
And your brain hath a span."

I knew this myself :
 I said it was so :
But retorted my elf,
 In that case you're at woe :
Why impose your basket
 On all mortals' crowns :
Leave each one to ask it
 In countries and towns.

You're the absolute man :
 Why absolute though :
Your poor little plan
 Is a measure too slow :
You're only a German,
 And only one sort :
If you were but a Merman,
 You'd know other sport.

Thought I to myself :
 A rude speaking spirit :
Let me see on which shelf
 I'll dispose of his merit :
He's according to sense,
 And its meshes of treason :
Categorical hence,
 And not of pure reason.

Still I could'nt still him :
My cook he had been :
I thought I could kill him :
His sense was so mean :
He persisted however ;
Was vulgarly plain :
And I couldnt dissever
His talk's common skein.

He talked on so fast,
With matter so much,
And with hurry and haste,
And contagion of touch,
That I had no time
To philosophize left,
But chained to his chime,
With him I must shift.

Apprenticed at present
To butchers and bakers,
'Tis not very pleasant :
But these are my makers :
Whenever pure reason
Or pure understanding,
Or sense out of season
Converse on my landing,

My practical masters
Come curative round :
And proffer me plasters
Until I am sound :
Good works, yea, good hard ones,
Are cure for pure reason :
And as for my marred ones,
They're stored for a season.

So matters were standing,
When first here I came :
About I was wending,
Apprenticed to shame :
Youths myriad came round me,
With eyes all like slides :
Brass box-tops, to wound me
With what it betides.

For I never had known
That spirit hath sense,
Or that God doth disown
All worldly pretence :
That seeing is true,
And communeth with light,
And that heaven hath her blue
In loving delight.

I had pitched o'er the grave
With philosophy's stuff,
And left man a slave
Of his brain and his cuff;
And now when unshrouded,
My grave wouldn't open :
But there I was, crowded
With dead bodies gropen.

We all had potheads,
Real round like brass pots :
They were heavy as leads,
And unsteady as sots :
All lay up together,
Immoveably fast :
Want of sense was the tether
That round us was cast.

A crocodile came :
'Twas an evil of old :
His tongue a dry flame :
His skin a dry cold :
He tumbled us over :
He picked out my loins :
He then did uncover
My wallet of coins.

I had brought earthly money
From Königsberg there :
It was crocodiles' honey,
And crocodiles' prayer :
He licked at my pocket :
And lo ! as he licked,
He grazed my hip-socket,
And out my hip clicked.

He then cried out, " Progress !"
And up, on one leg,
I fled from the ogress,
And started a jig :
All Germany after,
Ran eyeless and sad :
And England sent laughter
As if it were mad.

Here I stand on one leg :
'Tis the lowermost half :
That one hath a peg
Like the hoof of a calf :
When I know of worlds both,
And when Germany trows,
I shall purge off my sloth,
And have a new nose.

Gothic Architecture.

VEERING with the wind,
Old Religion stood,
And her gyves did bind
O'er the human flood :
Froze the living calor
Of the hearts of men,
And sent forth their valor
Through an iron pen.

She came down to earth
From electric frost,
And robed up in dearth,
Felt her blood was lost ;
So she took her wand
From her shivering side,
And threw it in the pond
Of world-wisdom wide.

And this wand was icy,
And its eye, cold fire :
Though its tongue was spicy
With monk-hot desire :

And the world-pond felt it,
Felt it to the core,
But could never melt it,
But began to snore.

And ice was its snoring,
Apoplectic ice ;
And it went a-whoring
Where its dreams were nice,
With the clouds and skylands,
And the mountain peaks :
And it dreamt of high lands
Where ambition wreaks.

Then the pond a-moving,
Rose in crystals cold ;
And its rays of loving
Were so bony old :
It got bony babbies,
With no flesh to cover :
And Religion's tabbies
Each one had a lover.

Groin and buttress rose,
Pinnacle and spire :
Roof ran down to close :
Gauntness mounted higher :

Gable played at arches,
Supercilious thing,
And the whole was starches'
Emperor and king.

When the wand so frosty,
All the pond had frozen,
And the floor e'en dusty,
Had attained its dozen,
Then the second stages
Grew by slow degrees,
And came various ages
Of the death of trees.

Tracery of frostwork
Grew about the pillar ;
And Love knew her lost work,
And she knew her killer :
Nature's self was dying,
Orderly always ;
And life's heat was flying
Days and days and days.

And the ice grew thicker,
As cathedrals reared :
Not a foot of liquor
In the old pond speered :

But the blindness mortal
Of the winter night
Now was placed for portal
To the vanished light.

Then another change was :
Blood was dying too :
Frost came there : her range was
Ever black and blue :
She took monks of noses,
Strung them up in rows :
Ruddy : who supposes
They were red with snows ?

Frozen sacristys
Were another garden,
Where she put out eyes,—
She is darkness-warden,—
All the lace of frost
Was the garb of priests,
And the icy coast
Froze first fattest beasts.

But the warriors entered :
Mailed warriors clanged :
Steel-hoof warriors centered
In, and portals banged :

And the priests came blessing,
 With their fawning ice :
And the dames caressing
 Said such frost was spice.

Lo ! the altar shivers,
 'Tis a snowy altar :
For a young heart quivers,
 With the death-cold halter :
'Tis a nun of twenty,
 Hath a heart of flesh,
And hath lovers plenty,
 And her heaven is fresh.

But the wand hath touched her,
 And she too is freezing :
And the creed hath smutched her,
 And the ice is pleasing :
And she takes her station,
 Right above the grave :
And the icy nation
 Hath her in his cave.

And the little child
 Cometh unto frost,
And he playeth wild,
 And his doom is lust :

And the lust turns chilly,
Curdles into stone :
And the old man silly
Runneth into bone.

And the Gothic spireway
Pointeth to the stars ;
Fain would chill the fireway
Of God's living cars :
Fain would make heaven vaulted,
Icy as lust's loins :
But lust shall be salted
Firewise in its groins.

And the snows upmelting,
All cathedral aisles,
Monks and bishops pelting,
Fall in snowy smiles :
All the imps of winter
Tumble from the gables :
Down come dog and squinter :
Breaking on the tables.

And the moonbeams washen,
And the starlight cleaned,
And the girders smashen,
And the towers demeaned,

Leave the day to palm-trees :
Give the Goth his doom :
And make churches Balm-trees
Where man's good may bloom.

How can we sing the Lord's Song
in a strange Land?

EACH is surrounded by strangeness and woe :
Evil, sad Providence, willeth it so :
Emptiness dwells in the tent of the waste :
Trouble and sadness are bitter to taste.

Harpstrings are pained with the frost and
the gloom :

Clouds of the graveyard flit over the room ;
Evil is yeast to the good in their days :
Evil prepareth for song of new praise.

Yet never sing in the presence of ill :
Dampness and fog all thy gushing would
still :

Wait till the marish is drained ; and then
build :

Wait for the good ; and then enter their
guild.

Charles Fourier.

WELL-A-DAY, 'tis one hour
Since the darkness shewed its power :
And the moon is up already,
And the star-rays are all steady,
And the owlet of the night
Wantons in his prey's delight,
And the shadows chase each other,
And the moon is darkness' brother.

Well-a-day ! Why came I here ?
Let me see ! I left a tear
On the table by the door,
And a book upon the floor ;
And a landlady of paint,
Whose very eyes could make me faint ;
And a pile of musty papers
That would give the world the vapours.

What's the good of all of it ?
I can't say I care a bit.
I'm so tired of all their ways :
They dream wickedly all days :
And at night they wake to worse :
Doubtless they have caught the curse :
Fitted on subversion's coat,
And built hell with error's moat.

I tried teach the creatures much :
They tried but to pick my pouch :
I tried tell them laws harmonic,
When love's home architectonic
Comes in Phalanxes along,
Led by music, life and song,
And the senses seven are blest,
And the soul has all the rest.

But the viper generation
Which they call civilization,
'Cause their citizens of states,
Where each for himself creates,
Leaves the others to the devil,
And then preaches against evil—
That viper-breed would no more hear
Than if peas were in its ear.

Then I asked heaven how to do it ?
And my genius answered, Brew it
In the kitchen where old Love
Doth his several stew-pans move :
For observe you ; belly-led,
These men must be belly-fed,
And if heaven is to reach them,
'Tis through cookery you must teach them.

The best salvation they can have,
Is in cuisine, and in wine cave :
Teach them that perfect harmony,
Shall be a pride for every eye :
That music shall each ear salute,
And music most from woman's flute,
And that taste shall allure the tongue,
Until all blest it lies along.

I set to work at once : the dogs
Barked loud in philosophic fogs :
The preachers said all joy was wrong,
And yet that nature's wine was strong :
I bade them taste : the beeswing star
Ended the philosophic war :
Preacher and priest could hardly see :
Then hoped I they belonged to me.

But yet I found the dogs ungrateful :
Their state was bestial and hateful :
They took the pleasant sin like liquor,
And mixed it with their wicked ichor ;
But my harmonic cup withal—
Would you believe, they let it fall,
And kicked it ere the gutter had it,
And into shameless dance did gad it.

And so you see, the learned herd,
Care not a whit for highest word ;
They get the solid pudding first,
And then its wrappage may be curst :
And they won't wait for harmony,
But like their goods before they die.
In short, civilization's sons
Are but the ass that crops and runs.

Well ! I despatched them ! not a bait
That could entrap a candidate,
So as I deemed his liquorish ran,
But I laid out in goodliest plan :
But not a candidate appeared,
Though I was getting three-score yeared.
And so I said : my fame shall be
The flagstaff-tower of harmony.

And then I set to work again,
And tried to build a second fane ;
Alack, alack, alack, alack !
The hod of stuff upon my back,
Is still of the same kind ! is men
From foul civilization's den :
I tried to carry them upstairs,
But they all slipped off unawares.

Then said I : immortality
May still mean something high and dry :
Perhaps this little wicked planet,
Perverse as if nine dwarfs did ban it,
May go direct to dissolution,
And rid the world of its pollution ;
But I'll communicate with others—
No one star my fair glory smothers.

I found on coming to my senses,
That spirit-glory quite dispenses
With earthly planet-glory's matter ;
And eats life from another platter.
The only thing I now have left,
For of all fame I am bereft,
Is just a pen of iron chalk,
That serves for crutch too when I walk.

I put it by, and night by night,
It walks away to other light,
And in the morning writes me out,
The places it has been about :
And tells me tales of many spheres,
Where men and women have long ears,
And telescopic eyes, and bellies
That tremble like Parisian jellies.

And so I write, and so I walk,
And sometimes too my stick doth talk ;
And once it told a little story,
About a little man of glory,
Who had a little wig of fire,
And twinkling glances of desire,
And he had little shoes of satin,
And there he sat from eve to matin.

And on a day, as it fell out,
He roamed about and roamed about,
And he took snuff of knowing herb,
And thought did still his brain disturb,
And so he winked until he hemmed,
And then his stick he downward jammed,
And placed his heel with hardness down,
And then he lifted up his crown.

And then he cogitated fresh,
Then walked in cogitation's mesh :
And then built fairy castles up,
And then amended all his troop,
And then abused his neighbors' huts,
And then he said poor wives were sluts,
And then he vilified all men,
And then he went home to his den.

And as he sat, a Desert-Owl,
That had been one of Pharaoh's fowl,
Asked him his Catechism's route,
And how Commandments follow suite,
And as he couldn't tell, the owl
Came and sat by him cheek by jowl,
And clawed him open, and did place
A living mouse within his face.

And bade it nibble there, until
It had devoured his inner shell,
And afterwards, instead of brain,
It was to ring his bells of pain,
And serve for organist of glee,
Inside his wondrous harmony :
And then the stick, oh ! horror, oh !
Said I was he, and this my woe.

The Band.

THE hand was thus created :—
A glorious band was mated,
And from their loving pledge,
Went forth a faithful wedge.

It pierced wherever man
Was ready for its plan :
And gave a goal of fire
Unto all old desire.

I saw it upward go :
Then the sunrise did flow :
And rivers of delight
Washed out the stain of night.

The massive tenderness
That ancient heaven did bless,
Was in its hinder parts,
And ruled its powerful hearts.

It was the wedge of love ;
With truth to press above,
And to effect its way ;—
Then back again to day.

And at a certain stage
Of old creation's rage,
When the old fire was weak,
The wedge was all to seek.

And man contracted then,
And shrivelled to a pen,
And to a goose's quill :
The dandriff of his will.

The prophet ages sad
Were weary of its gad :
And Scribes and Pharisees
Were left in twos and threes.

It came to pass at length,
That no more natural strength
Remained in the old arm,
Than would half keep it warm.

The hoof of pen it held,
From out its grasp was felled,
And a more worldly troop
Stooped down and picked it up.

Then God said : " It is so :
Man's willing is his woe :

I send another wedge,
To plough the water's edge."

A sign in heaven appeared :
A spirit chariot neared :
A bounteous face was there :
Harnessed were birds of prayer.

It flew above the land :
It had no bags of sand,
Such as high-flying bards
Drop out from broken shards.

But ere it came to west,
And while its feet were blest,
And while the airy home
Gave willingness to roam :

It took a mantle-fire,
And cast it on a pyre
That a lone worship-man
Had heaped up for a plan.

And lo ! the pyre caught flame ;
And the flame spoke a name :
And the name's name was New,
And also Good and True.

And then he journeyed on :
And after he was gone,
Each place his robe had quitted,
From night was manumitted.

And in each place a ray
Stood waiting for a day :
And expectation's light
Was in the stricken night.

But he passed onwards ever,
And his course was a river
That never dries again,
But runs from main to main.

And in the farthest west,
From the east most unblest,
The chariot stood above
A pool of desert love.

And it communed therewith :
And all its sayings' pith
Was just these little words :
“ Life now for little birds.”

The pool no longer black,
Eat of that red sky-rack,

And pupil of heaven's eye,
Was in its desert dye.

And when the pool created,
With that eye eyewise mated,
Had loved a little while,
It gave a little smile.

And then the chariot smiled :
And then the pool was mild :
And love went whispering soft
'Twixt pool and car aloft.

Lo ! from the car a hand,
Put forth by golden band :
From a bright company :
Like Love from out the sea.

And from the pool below,
Reflected hand did blow :
And Adam saw it rise,
And led it to the skies.

It was the life of heaven
Through the earth-crystal given :
Which stood on pond below,
And saw its heavenly glow.

And gave itself away :
And took reflecting clay,
And made it into heaven
Where God his life has given.

And spirit-hand is now
Upon the mortal brow :
The forehead is the pond
Reflecteth the Beyond.

And the Christ-car hath come,
From home, for home, to home :
And the earth bears His weight,
And stands beneath His state.

Uncertainty.

LET fall the curtain
Upon the future hour and fate,
And leave me most uncertain
Of coming state.

Let me not know if gravitation
Will hold to-morrow,
Or if the sun will keep his station,
Or the moon borrow.

Let sciences be held
For daily worth :
They have come down from eld,
With fitful birth.

Naught absolute in them,
But use of hour :
The moment is their gem,
And fragrant flower.

Pushed to extremes,
They close the spirit soul,
And lose the genial beams
That round them roll.

Record them ; keep their light
In urns of books,
And let their truths be bright
As Friendship's looks.

But never fancy still
That they are final ;
Or that the human will,
And senses trinal,

Do more than feed the present
With wine sufficing ;
There is no thought so pleasant,
As Truth's surprising.

One thing is fixed : God's Word :
One is immortal,—spirit :
All other things are stirred
In round of merit.

They come and go : and die :
And live : and die again :
Then let them past thee fly :
Thy one sure point is sky :
The rest, is restless main.

Chatterton.

WILD and slow the measure
Comes in measured notes :
Far from shore of pleasure,
On bat-wing it floats :
'Tis the car of him,
Starless Chatterton,
Whose life-light burnt dim
To its wick of stone.

See he cometh wailing,
Cloud-blood bears him up ;
And his boat is sailing,
Boat of poison cup :
'Tis the very vial
Poisoned all his blood,
Now is boat of trial
O'er dark spirit flood.

See he lands, from ink,
Sea of inky blackness :
Sour sad,—oh ! to think
Of his long limbs' slackness :

See! the waste hath caught him—
 Demon of the waste :
And with thumb hath wrought him
 Blood and bone to paste.

For he had no lasting,
 But his life spilt life ;
Double life, with hasting,
 With quick poison knife :
Spilled his mortal blood ;
 Spilled his spirit fire ;
Spilled him in the flood
 Of mad-hot desire.

He knew spirit well,
 And had song from life,
And his arms did swell,
 With strong harvest rife ;
Inspiration's corn,
 From the elder hours :
And the spirit-horn,
 Viz., the spirit-powers.

But born out of time,
 World grew not his corn,
And upset from rhyme,
 World provoked his horn :

And revenge grew sting
Under in his skull,
And it flapped its wing,
All his face to dull.

Then he hit the time,
Hit it o'er the eyes,
And he smeared his grime
O'er his spirit prize :
And the world grew mad,—
Mad with rage and fear :
And the bard grew sad,
Mad too everywhere.

So he took the bards
From their heavenly shelves,
Shuffled them like cards,
Made them smoke themselves :
Cut the blackened pack,
Cried out, What's the trick ?
Had trumps at his back,
Sure of winning quick.

World set on the hounds :
World cried, Fie for shame :
World's good knew no bounds,
In robbing his good name :

So the spirit poet,
Else a flood of joy,
Never more could know it,
But its base alloy.

So in chambered anguish,
Will he made with God,
Not content to languish,
Underneath the rod :
So the bards of eld
Went away, away,
And his vial held
Murder for its play.

So the demon juices,
Gave him demon life :
And for demon uses,
He did enter strife :
Knocked at hell's broad doorway,
Rung the devil's bell ;
Thundered on his floorway,
And drank his deeper spell.

Now he cometh earthward,
Song to claim of thee :
Fain would push in birthward,
Were he only free :

But the door of doomsteel
Giveth way for none :
And hell in her wombsteel
Holdeth Chatterton.

James Robinson.

USE is divine : steel soft,
When kindness liveth
Within its claw : full oft
Tenderness riveth ;
And freedom true with lower freedom
striveth.

Thou hast a woman's heart,
And a man's hand :
Choose well the better part :
No shame shall brand
The dentist-skilfulness : its roots are grand.

It tears old Evil's stumps,
Plucks them away :
It hath a hand of trumps,
And yet shall play,
Until the morning hours let in new day.

Thy teeth are ivory :
Not false, but true :
Thou hast strength's livery :
Thy laurel grew
In kindness gardens : love is thy rare thew.

“ And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus.”

Death's Immortal Light.

DEATH's light is immortal,
For it is the portal
Whence the spirit-glory
Gildeth human story.
List and thou shalt hear :
Master Death is near.

Will is waxing weak :
Blood hath lost the cheek :
Heart hath lost the fire :
Life hath lost desire :
In the stagnant flood
Runneth other good.

Hark ! the breath is going !
Hark ! the sand is flowing !
Hark ! the eye is dim :
Hark ! the hearing rim
Hath no concert more
On the sullen shore.

Mystical almost
Looketh now the coast :
Fairy lives may haunt
Where the soil is gaunt,
And pale moonlight shines
O'er the sun-left lines.

Yet I see a change :
Lo ! a halo's range :
Lo ! a newer troop
In that halo's hoop :
Can it be that friends
Watch at both life's ends ?

It is even so :
It is friends' love glow :
And they form around :
Guards without a sound :
But a radiant smile
Gleams like a bright isle.

Now they close : and see,
Where the death is free,
And the dust is shed,
And the dust is sped,
And the body drear,
Lo ! they punish fear.

For they sit around,
Guards without a sound :
And they draw their line
Round the dying eyne,
And they pluck the light
From the lashes spite.

And they ask the Lord,
Out of His own Word,
For the life again,
Wandering o'er the plain :
And they bring the life,
New intention's wife.

Lo ! the body lies !
Lo ! it utters cries !
And these cries are heard
In the heavenly Word,
And the Word doth haste
To relieve the waste.

Then the spirit eye,
Born no more to die,
Trooping from a star
That seems held afar,
Hovereth o'er the brow,
And sits on its prow.

And the spirit ear,
Horse no more of fear,
Cometh from a cloud
That doth overshadow
All the breathing airs
Of the clime of prayers.

And the spirit hand
Cometh from a band
That do members weld,
By great Lord upheld
In creation's way,
And in wonder play.

So the judgment goes :
So the glorious rose
Of the newborn soul
Hath its joys that roll
Round it memberwise,
Seen not of its eyes.

Now another act !
Man again compact,
Asketh of his Lord,
Asketh from his Word,
Why the light of God
Blooms from mortal sod ?

And his members say,—
For the Lord gives way
To their voices true :—
That is naught to you :
Take the godlike gift :
Let it lift and lift.

Then he holds his peace :
Death hath got release :
He has taken flight,
And put out his night :
And the soul has formed
On the shore it warmed.

Hearken now again :
'Tis a different strain :
Death hath come, and said,
That the man, not dead,
Hath defrauded Death,
And paid only Faith.

So Death ushered in,
Will have pay of sin :
And the cheek once more,
Shaketh in its core :
And the eye turns up,
And is sorrow's cup.

This, because the soul
Hath a farther goal,
And Death's faithful man,
Knoweth of God's plan,
And followeth up the soul
To hie him to his goal.

'Twas not such a time
That the heavy rhyme
Of the mortal hour
Could put forth its power,
When the Saviour died,
And the world was tried.

He arose to day,
And the common clay,
Kept him not from heaven,
Yet the law was riven ;
For he came to earth,
More than heavenly birth.

So it is when man
Once hath life began,
Heaven and earth shall each
See his rising teach :
Heaven in days of days :
Earth in earlier ways.

Christ did come again,
When the monstrous pain
Of the cross and Jew
Had passed through and through,
And had put all death
Into His crown's wreath.

Christ a second time
Came in Judah's clime :
And in spirit might
Sad with heavenly light,
Over earth he stood,
On its pitchy flood.

So be then the song.
Light of Death hath tongue
To all eyes that speaks :
To all ears that breaks.
Thou shalt find it out :
Glory is its shout.

Be Patient.

BE patient, gentle, free of haste,
Impatient but of wrong and waste,
Lending thine arm unto the Lord,
Resting thine arm upon his Word :
Expecting fruit from purity,
And rottenness from vanity :
Heeding beauty in its good,
Not in its dress and harlot mood :
Ne'er thinking of effect and show,
But only of the right, the glow
Of good to come, and use to man :
Glory to God : Whose is the plan.

Sunday Message.

THINE are all the days which sin and sorrow
Pour from out the lap of passing time ;
Also thine is that supreme to-morrow
Which arises in true Sabbath chime.

From the aged belfry of the present
Tolls the hour when life shall pass away :
Dear and joyous then, and ever pleasant,
Is the thought that doth around thee pray.

Thou dost look on high, past the tall spire
Of earth's religion, to a brighter world ;
And forms of love, and love's own body,
fire,
Are gleaming there, in cloudy glory
furled.

There they beckon with white golden fingers,
And they claim the sister's heart alway :
Hark ! they speak : they ask me why she
lingers,
Nor joins now her kindred bright array.

They point her place between two angels
like her,
More like than brothers are and sisters
here :
But ah ! she saith that other voices strike
her,
And that home calls her in the mortal
sphere.

And then they shut their ranks, and are
completed

Without the order of her shining life :
And time too closes the cloudland that
greeted,
And no more the sky with those is rife.

For a further goal and brighter heaven
Is the destined cottage of her spirit,
And her Lord, whose cross and name is
seven,
Knows the land she shall at length inherit;

With a band she leads as shepherdess
Through the meads and by the streams
of truth,
And of goodness, which through her do
bless
Husband, father, child, man's age and
youth.

The Earth Worm at the root of the Tree.

THOU didst delve down
Below the soil,
And find the crown
Of rot and moil.

The tree shall live,
And leaf its day :
Thy spirit sieve
Will not reprieve
The worm that comes thy way.

Dalton.

WONDER of wonders here !
A baby on the ground :
Around his head a sphere
Of light and heat and sound :
All elements at play
Within that cloud are seen :
And nature there at fray,
With red and brown and green.

He moves his little eyes,
Their balls are tender glass :
And as his mouthlet cries,
A troop of faeries pass
From right to left along,
And shake their little torches,
And this the little song
Sounds from their little churches.

“ Awake, awake, awake,
Old slumber-world arise !
Thy drowsy members shake,
And ope thy better eyes :
The fairy cups of being
Stand at thy board to drink :
And thou shalt now have seeing
Just o’er the eternal brink.”

With this they vanished quite,
And yet they vanished not,
For lo ! they left a light
That never left the spot :
And that light was a mirror,
Mirage among the trees,
And it could shew one’s error,
That is—if one did please.

The baby lifted upwards
His little hands to heaven,
And lo ! there galloped cupwards
A band of spirits seven :
They came from all seven corners
Of all the sevenfold sphere :
And in their hands were burners :
And o'er each swung a tear.

The first named sprite is Number :
His essence is to mix,
And send into deep slumber
Those beings that shall fix
And frame and build the world work,
And calculate the stars :
And he knows all the curld work
Within the ocean cars.

The second sprite is Ferment,
Who giveth good to all,
And shaketh matter's cerement,
And rolleth on her ball :
And rubs her surface cleanly :
And makes her shine with glee :
And not a rag flaps meanly
Where Ferment is but free.

But sprite the third is wiser ;
Nay Wisdom is her name :
And she is heaven's own miser,
And tempers every flame :
And all the stones she knoweth,
And counts their several kin :
And round about she throweth
The light that lives within.

Now the fourth spirit's name
Is Fire of mortal color :
And hath a face of shame,
And hath a mortal dolour :
Because her pyre is earth,
And rotteth in her arms :
And there is little worth
Within Fire's natural charms.

The name of the fifth spirit
Is Form, that steps with foot
Upon the land where merit
Hath planted every fruit :
That spirit hath long fingers,
And mouldeth matter's clay,
And evermore he lingers
Round evening's ruddy way.

The sixth of these new creatures
Is neither man nor beast :
Nor hath it nature's features :
Nor body in the least :
But it is ruby-handed,
And diamond-footed seer :
And its broad brow is branded
With mystery severe.

'Tis Awfulness of Space,
And it hath feet of fire,
But never yet had face,
Excepting to desire.
It yawneth round all being,
And teeth it hath of time,
And loveth without seeing,
And all its grains are rhyme.

Seventhly and lastly now,
Another creature comes :
The star upon his brow
Like to a bee-heaven hums :
He is creation's Love :
Larger than space I ween,
The king of largest dove,
For space is God's love-queen.

These spirits in a mist,
So seen they were not seen,
A little baby kist,
And left their second sheen
Upon his little face,
And then they passed away ;
But still there grew a grace
Where once their light did play.

That little baby rose,
Herculean in his joys,
And dealt his little blows,
And broke his little toys :
And he forgot the creatures
He never had remembered :
And laughed in all his features,
As up the steep he clambered.

He went to school of grammar,
And went to school of books :
And his head was a hammer,
And both his hands were hooks :
But still a vision mighty
Did daze before his ken :
And often he looked flighty
Unto his fellow men.

At last in study sitting,
I know not where it was,
While shadows odd were flitting
Before his memory-glass,
Seven people all a talking,
Came to his inward eye,
And there he saw them walking,
Just as if they were by.

They vanished; vanished quite :
But yet though they were gone,
This time they left a light
That o'er his study shone :
Form gave a pure fixation
Of courage to his brain :
And Space was reformation
Across his window-pane.

And Number came with Order,
And stamped the sheep of time :
And Wisdom gave her border :
And Love sent heavenly rhyme :
And Ferment came with motion,
Completing all the plan :
And then the Atom-Ocean
In Godlike dances span.

Kings.

WOULD'ST know how kings are made : good
kings I mean ?

Strong man is taken in his roughness all :
Obedience heaves her axe : chops self down
clean :

And leaves behind a little infant small.
The oil of loving life poured on its brow,
Meets presently with crown of light
above :

And then mankind of willing right may bow :
Obedient kings obedient subjects prove.

Remorse.

ON a bank of cinders,
Cinders which are hearts,
Where the fire that hinders
Man of all his parts,—
Where the wicked fire
Of the lust of man
Smoulders in the pyre,
Lo ! a song began.

'Twas a song of weakness,
Weakness in wild strength,—
Tossing arms of sickness,
Bed of awful length :
And the frame that sang it
Was of chattering teeth ;
And the bells that rang it,
Grated rust beneath.

Forth from out the ashes
Came a shape of woe :
And I heard the crashes
Of his footsteps slow :
In his hand a trumpet
Of a thigh-bone hollow :
And I saw him thump it
On his choking swallow.

Then he put it mouthwards
To his rusty teeth,
And he blew it southwards,
And its sounds did seethe,
With a hissing burden,
Like a snake that moves ;
And it was the guerdon
Of dead buried loves.

Imps ran from its portal,
From the trumps rust teeth,
But each imp was mortal,
As that trumpet's breath :
Issued forth full inped,
When the breath began,
But a yard on, limped,
And then lost his scan.

Melted into poison,
Fell, a drop, to earth ;
And on the horizon,
Had a second birth :
Sprang a flower of rue
With black gall for honey,
Was the floweret true
Of Judas, his blood-money.

So the floweret stood
Rooted in the land,
And its sap was blood
Poured forth under hand :
And the angel guards
Cut it time by time,
For the fell rewards
Of the murderer's chime.

In his conscience planted,
 Gardening imps did set it ;
And the house was haunted,
 When the rue-blood wet it :
For at evening hours,
 Darkness took fear's brush,
And did paint hell's flowers
 With their lurid blush.

But once upon a time,
 On a Sunday morn,
When the church bell's chime
 Did the air adorn,
Came a verger old
 From the vestry-door,
And his brow was bold
 From the better shore.

And he found the rue
 In a brother's heart,
And he did pursue
 Well the Christly part :
For he took the plant
 In consolation's grasp,
And it felt a want,
 Panting in his clasp.

And he said a prayer :
 Said a little song :
 (Angels in their air
 All have music's tongue :)
 " Father of our peace,
 Here is brother sad !
 Make his woes to cease :
 Make his heart not sad."

" Far away in time
 Lies the horrid day,
 When he lived in crime,
 And in lust did play :
 Yet the demon cords
 Bind him to the day :
 And the demon words
 Ever in him play.

" Chase his inward foes :
 Them of his own house :
 Let his grimmest woes
 Never more carouse
 O'er his bosom's board,
 Laughing through his pains :
 Oh ! from out thy Word,
 Pour repentant strains."

Then the old remorse,
 Shook him as it went :
Dropt off like a corse
 With his being blent :
And 'twas buried deep,
 By the church bells chime,
In repentance keep,
 Now a hallowed clime.

Then I saw the cinders
 Of the ashy hearts,
Where the lust fire hinders
 All the loving parts,
Watered with a dew,
 As of music bells ;
And a pearly hue
 O'er the mountain steals.

Water came out first,
 Quenched the arid fire :
And the dust that cursed,
 Wheeling from desire,
Was allayed to soil,
 And made mould for seed ;
And a fertile coil
 Covered the fire greed.

Still the heart-hill throbs :
Still it hath old throes :
But Remorse not robs
Hearts that know their woes :
Penitence stands on :
Sweetly gardens there,
Fertile from the throne
Of the Lord of prayer.

The Word.

“ And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither : so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, *nor* any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building.”—1 *Kings* vi. 7.

No tool of iron, and no axe was heard,
Because the building was the Holy Word,
And instrument of human iron never
In the Word's sense can either bind or sever.

Because thou fain would'st sing the verity
That doth concealed within these precincts
lie,

Know that the Word is the sole house of
God,
And that the world is blossom from its rod.

The angels are the stones therein are set,
And angel each in Mercy's hand is let
To seem support the edifice of heaven,
But 'tis the Word within their limbs hath
striven.

They bear and they sustain the church on
high,
And life above seems leant on angel thigh,
But all the love that quickens life within
Is the Word's holy fire, or the Word's kin.

The generation of the stones of life,
Is *here* with spirit-sword, with iron-strife :
The fitting in is silent as the Word,
Like Order's life in deep perceptions heard.

So hew the matter in the quarries' breast,
And bring it hither for the builder's quest :
He covers it with cedar and with gold ;
'Tis in his temple then, and in his fold.

Madness.

WANDERING lights I see,
Wandering, flitting lights :
Resting o'er a tree
Full of blains and blights :
'Tis the tree of sin,
Stem of lust and fire :
Sap that rolls within
Is unclean desire.

Wizard sits beneath,
Muttering crooked spells :
In his hand a wreath
Of false Asphodels :
On his head a blaze
Of false Aureole :
In his eye a maze
Of a godless soul.

Now he moves to right,
Where a vulture sits ;
And his eye is bright
With disordered wits :

For the vulture's leg
Hath he in a chain,
And he eats the dreg
Of the vulture's brain.

Lo ! the fever gains :
Vision flares and fumes :
Lo ! his seething brains
Put forth horrid blooms.
Lo ! his eyes go forth,
Wheeling fires in air,
And east, west and north
Glow with bony stare,

He lies down to sleep :
Cockatrices come,
Purring from the deep,
From the demon home :
Purring cats of hell,
Mousing for the mad :
They have left their shell,
For a season glad.

And he dreams their dream :
'Tis a woven lie :
Providence's stream
Runneth from on high :

They do ride the stream :
They are kings of God :
And the sun world's gleam
Issues from their nod.

And the wizard old
Is baptized in fire :
Power in cups of gold
Filleth his desire :
He doth swell with size,
Swells with glory given,
Till he fills the skies,
And is all the heaven.

Then he wakens up,
Putting up his hands,
As though he would sup
Drink from thirsty sands :
But his eyes are gone,
Sailing o'er the world ;
And the vulture stone
Sitteth on him furred.

He is caverned then,
Earth has got her prey ;
And afar from men
Wends head-foremost way :

Cleaving like a bolt
Through the solid dark ;
Lo ! a dismal jolt :
He is altered !—Hark !

Voices in the dark !
Screaming in the gloom :
Wrestling horrid-stark
Far adown the tomb !
He hath met his match :
He hath got his wife :
And the twain shall scratch
All the walls of strife.

And now what of him ?
What of wizard old ?
For his tale is dim :
And 'tis half untold.
He is primal blurr
Of the human soul :
And he is its stir
From the heavenly goal :

For old magic ways,
Crooning from old time,
Riding days and days,
Horsed on evil's slime :

Snailing in the rain
Of the ills of man,
Are the sinful gain
Whence mad life began.

Wizard, weird and mad,
Went to darkness first,
And the hour was sad
With the cauldron curst,
That did see the pot
Of the wizard herb ;
When poor man his lot
From below would curb.

But the recreant time
Hath lost magic now :
Yet the seed of slime
Steers the madness prow :
For the child outlives,
Though the parent die :
And the moon still gives
Wine to lunacy.

But the hour is come,
For a second song :
Lo ! I hear its hum :
Bees are in its tongue :

'Tis industrious sweet :
Honey wed with skill :
There are rapid feet
On the heavenly hill.

And if thou wilt list
Well that honey tune,
Soon thine ear shall hist
Underneath the moon,
How the fairy dance
Clears the beam of woe :
And the madness trance
Wakes to morning's glow.

Sanity.

REVERENCE musing sat
O'er a cedar board :
Ugly monsters squat
Eyed the table's hoard :
But their eyes were cloaked
With their own ill mists,
And their throats were choked
With their rapine's fists.

Sun and shade passed o'er,
Checquering cedar wood :
Gleaming on the store,
Softening o'er the food :
Days said speech to days,
As the varied light
Went its changeful ways
Through the day and night.

But the board at length,
Eaten by no man,
Felt its cedar's strength
Limited a span :
And it bent its knee,
And it swerved its plane :
And the meat of glee
Could no more sustain.

Then it gave a groan,
And it cracked and broke :
And the food did own
Falling's heavy yoke :
Grapes were spilled the first,
And then figs were gone,
And the bottles burst,
Waterpots of stone.

From the table's wreck,
Ran wine's ruddy gore :
There was wasteful fleck
On the lower shore :
But a crowd of poor,
Thin and hungred too,
Peeped in at the door,
And would not eschew.

Down on hands and knees,
They lapped up the wine :
Drank the broken lees :
And the fat did shine,
On their faces lean,
With thanksgivings light :
And their eyes were seen
With contentment dight.

So they lifted up
All the table's realm ;
And restored the cup,
To its former helm,
And the ship of food,
Once a wreck on earth,
Anchored in man's blood,
And had human birth.

But a man came by,
Hungrier far than they,
And they heard his cry,
On his nightly way ;
He besought their aid,
Nature to restore ;
And was faint, he said,
With great wandering, sore.

So they took him in,
Led him to the cup :
Asked him of his kin,
But he offered up,
Prayer to Father his,
Prayer to Father ours,
And the prayer was this
In those morning hours.

“ Lord, thy life is wine :
And thy love is food :
Make our face to shine
With thy heavenly good.
Let us children feed
In our hearts and lives ;
And oh ! banish greed
Till thy reign arrives !”

Then the wine no more
Mantled red or bright :
But the festal store
Of the olden night,
Was created new,
And its chalice pure,
Was the morning's dew
Shedding to endure.

And a realm arose
From that board of man,
Such that mortal woes
From its precincts ran :
And the million snares
Of the worldly goal
Left to scatter tares
O'er the ransomed soul.

Soundness came at last,
Wholeness in God's Word :
And his mantle cast
O'er the deep that stirred
Once with trouble's storm,
Calmed with kingly oil ;
And the poor earthworm,
Was redeemed from moil.

So the human board,
 When the Lord is there,
Charitably stored,
 And approached with prayer,
Keeps the creature sound,
 Routs the madness throng,
Heals the hidden wound
 That hath rankled long.

And communion's ways
 Are the sward of health,
Where our bankrupt days
 Shall recover wealth ;
Only just find out
 All Communion's plan :
Madness hath his rout :
 God is then with man.

'Tis the spirit-board
 Where health shall be drunk,
To brains sheared and scored,
 And in madness slunk :
Christ is there to day :
 'Tis All-Souls' day now :
Let us ever pray
 Soundness for the brow.

The Birthday of the Human Soul.

Can it be given
In stanzas seven?

Yea, in seven stanzas it shall roll.

THOU art pure : but who is pure enough
To inspect the first created stuff :
If the eye were love in its deep womb,
Then a vision faint of soul might come.

For it wellet from a lake of fire,
Just as differing from our desire,
As the heaven doth differ from hot mud :
Or as manna's heaven from swinish food.

Into thine eternal coffers, Lord,
Poureth first the virtue of the Word,
And the light that in that virtue lives,
Souls' first nutriment of fibril gives.

And the love that with the light hath way,
Weaveth into mesh the fibres' day,
And with light and love compacted are
The first globe of Mansoul's solid star.

Then the brain of Psyche is produced :
Brain with fire for ground ; brain lightning
juiced :

And the body like a bolt is shot
Where the love and light stream out their plot.

And the limbs are powers of great heat,
Jointed forth from the soul's will complete ;
And the toes are standing witnesses
Of the planted power that rules in these.

But the eyes are most the soul's intent :
And the eye with all the soul is blent :
For the wisdom with the love within
Is the eye in brain and life and skin.

The Mark on the Forehead : what of it ?

SHADES soon prevail,
And evening's sail
Comes floating down the east :
The starlight pale
Shimmers the gale
That wantons o'er the least

Traces of earth
That glimmer forth
Amid the darksome shadows.
The night's abroad :
The heaven is strawed
With clouds like silvery meadows.

There comes a Fay
From far away,
From lands beyond the moon :
Her finger wet
With dew, and set
With jewel ring of noon.

She comes to her
Whose blood does stir
With strange and new emotion,
As moonbeams dim
Chant their faint hymn,
And stir the midnight ocean.

She comes with finger
That long shall linger
In print of fond affection
On Emma's brow :
I'll tell thee how
The print hath found direction.

'Twas done to shew
That those below
Are loved of those above them :
'Twas done to prove
That fairy love
Extends to those that love them.

A Fairy Sister
Whose sandals glister
With sun and moonbeams plaited,
Came from her bower
In glorious flower,
And shewed her form belated,

Within thy chamber
Where faery amber
Was burning an unseen censer :
This is a lay
Ah ! well a-day,
It comes from the shade of Spenser.

The Palm.

WHEN God did make the human hand,
He put within it
A palm of softest flesh, to stand
In Love's relation to the human band,
And with soft touch to win it.

And he taught hands at first to grasp,
That in the palm,
All the world's treasures they might clasp,
And pour them calm,
Strong as an organ psalm,
Wherever in the world wise charity
Might shew that gift of God might needed be.

Little Love's Throne.

IN the central point,
And the pivot joint,
With spirit most anoint,
Little Love

Sat on silver throne,
Central and alone,
Keeping of her own,
Little Love.

In the circlet golden
Was her courtlet holden,
As in ages olden :
Little Love :
From her silver hair,
Issued moony fair
Wisdom on the air,
Little Love :

And her hand did hold
Little wand of gold,
Of direction old,
Little Love :
It pointed to the world,
In its stem were furled
All her quarters whirled.
Little Love.

'Twas her wishing wand :
And it reached its line beyond
Life's sea and matter's pond ;
Little Love :

And so she knew the way
To far Australia,
And rode the golden ray,
Little Love.

And from her silver stool,
Her spirit car hath rule,
O'er ship and horse and mule ;
Little Love :
The station of her might,
And the centre of her flight,
Is from silver wisdom's light :
Little Love.

Listen.

LISTEN : my march is o'er.
I wandered on the shore,
And saw the drifting foam,
But never saw a home :
A vessel on the sea
High signal made to me ;
But I was too distraught,
And recked its shouts for naught.

The sand beneath my feet
Was wastefully complete :
The sea mew's round my head,
Wheeling with shriekings dead,
Dropt misery in my pouch :
My weary foot did slouch :
The waves kept tune of woe,
And through me all did go.

Within the starry dome
I looked out for a home :
Within the water's face
I looked for an embrace :
Within the sand I looked,
The sand was cruel hooked,
And fastened me to sand,
And then I felt a brand.

Wherefore the want of home ?
The kingdom now had come :
And I had died enough,
And still the wind did sough :
Peace was as far as ever,
As restless was life's river :
And heaven kept shifting on,
And when I came, was gone.

And I said, Why is this ?
Is there no real bliss ?
Is heaven a lantern's magic ?
That throws a shadow tragic,
Because untrue, unreal,
And so, not even ideal ?
Or am I in some error,
Whose shadow is this terror ?

While thus resolving, lo !
A distant starfire's glow.
It was an angel guard,
That came in swift reward,
Wherever apt confession
Called for heaven's intercession :
And in his hand ; how odd !
A blossoming myrtle rod.

And he said : " Brother man !
The streams of lightning ran
Just now with prayer of thine ;
And I did mount its shrine,
And come to bear thee hence,
For God's good providence,
Hath built a little mansion,
Suited to thine expansion."

So on we walked air-walk,
And ceasing then to talk,
I went as in a dream
Upon a car-like beam,
And marked the colored foam
That fringed my pathway home :
'Twas as if kindest friends
Had wreathed round all mine ends.

The home was not so stately !
Its face, though, won me greatly :
For peace sent rays therefrom,
And a neat rainbow dome,
Gave me some light I wanted :
I found the house was haunted
With all my wishes good,
In the walls understood.

A mirror on the lawn
Painted again a fawn
Such as I knew on earth ;
But here it was a birth
Of innocent delight,
Seeing itself at night,
When sweet reflexion's ray,
Prepareth for next day.

A wife upon the step
Made heart to leap and leap ;
I'd seen her ne'er before,
Yet knew her from first yore :
She was my wife, and she
Was my Lord's ministry :
She was and she was not :
Mine eyes became a blot.

I never heard her speak,
Or breathing silence break,
Until upon my neck,
I felt a conscious reck,
And knew that two were one,
And that life's precious stone
Is marriage in His heaven ;
Fire-marriage one and seven !

She led me then indoors,
And lo ! upon the floors
Was glass of amber light,
With cherub faces dight,
Such as portrayed heaven's spheres,
And heaven's most pitying tears,
And did communicate
With all heaven's pity-state.

We sat us down the next :
And, sovereign unperplexed,
I had the bliss of heart,
That hath the mystic part ;
And saw in dream a land
That lived beyond command,
Upon a tower top where
One angel stood in prayer.

With him I seemed to stand :
And then we were a band :
And then we were a nation :
And this was preparation :
Germ of a little heaven :
Child of a little leaven :
And time and change, he said,
Were numbered with the dead.

The morning dawned : I stood
Again in Error's hood :
My very house was gone :
My wife, my corner-stone :
I had been only shewn
Things that were not mine own :
And now upon the sand,
Blessing again was banned.

Next night, (for night and day
Have in all spheres some play,)
A woman angel came,
And in a dream of flame,
Wrapt roses round my head,
And when the leaves were dead,
Shook drops restorative,
So they again did live.

Now she has gone again :
And still I pace my bane :
My cruel sand : my knife
In daytime is my wife ;
But in the blessed sleep
That o'er my brow doth weep,
I have another wife,
And she is all my life.

And sand and knife one day
Shall pass them quite away :
For I have promise heard
Within my being's word,
That He, my Lord and God,
Hath seen me in the sod,
And will at my last day,
Raise me from sand, knife, clay.

The Young Artist.

STRONG is thine arm, my brother ;
It stands and works,
And in its might would smother
A crowd of Turks .
That still in lazy idlesse lurks.

Go on, improve thy muscles,
And string thy nerves ;
Prepare thy soul for tussles ;
And learn the curves,
And learn the quirks of this world's bustles.

Learn not the vice, my brother ;
That's not to learn ;
That vice would easy smother
Thy thoughts that burn,
And turn thy youth of joy to sorrow's urn.

Sit at thy desk composed ;
The spirit fire
Is not put out when spirit work is closed ;
The mortal gyre
Well passed through, makes the spirit
higher.

Art is the word, my brother,
For all the life :
The artists make a pother
To cut the strife,
And they cut Art down with the selfsame
knife.

Evening of peace and love,
After day's crowd,
Is the best canvass for art's dove
To paint its whiteness settling from above
With pinions never loud.

God cometh after work :
His pencil guideth :
He stills the day-hour's irk :
His beauty rideth,
And in the heaven's calm sky abideth.

His are the landscapes fine
Of new creation ;
He paints with oil and wine
Imagination,
And gives through thee Art's first rege-
neration.

His is the sea and land,
Christ's Church of glory ;
Round Him alone the band
Of arts and songs tell story
Of use and beauty true and grand.

This is thy mission, brother,
To work to-day :
To-night thy mission other
Doth lie in spirit play,
But be thy Lord the first with thy right
hand alway.

The First Day.

"The evening and the morning were the first day."—
Genesis.

For the day there is joy,
But the night is more coy,
And lends her great gifts but for seeking ;
The stars in her sky
Are silver and high,
And the moon through her darkness is
breaking.

So is it with man,
The term of his span
Is rounded with night of the spirit,
And the stars of his hope
So far away ope !
The stars we are meant to inherit.

So is it with thee ;
Thou art joyous and free,
Thy night is well blazoned with lustres ;
The rays of thy moon
In her silvery shoon
Are white ; and thy spirit,—it musters

The bands of the fays
From the light of far days,
To dance on the turf of the present ;
Thy home is a world,
And thy spirit is twirled
Through the good, and the bad, and the
pleasant.

But I cannot tell
Why thou lovest so well
At even to gaze on the sky ;

For its light is profound,
And it spurneth the ground,
And its star-roof is high, very high.

Thy husband perchance
Thou wilt lead in thy dance,
And take through the steps of thy mazes :
He knows very well
That thy bosom doth swell
In thy deeps with the song of his praises.

I see it is right
That thou lovest the night,
And the startime, and moontime as well,
'Tis the new element
Through his bosom that's sent
That rightly commandeth the spell.

For faith-light with him
Hath been hitherto dim,
And the moon is thy sun for his sake ;
That from tiniest light,
He may grow to be bright,
And the fetters of night he may break.

And so starry twinkles
And light's tiny wrinkles

Are cherished like gems in thy bosom :
That gathered in day,
For the sun they may play,
And the light-bud may come into blossom.

'Tis of God it is so,
For in eldermost woe
Of pang and of throb of creation ;
The evening came first,
And the morning was nurst
In the arms of the evening's probation.

Now cometh thy dawn ;
Thy man on the lawn
Is up before sunrise this morning ;
The lark is on high
Just surveying the sky,
And giving the earth the sun's warning.

He catches the song ;
It did not belong
To the hours of his former surrounding :
He claspeth his hands,
And out from time's sands
Runs the river of morning abounding.

'Tis his river of prayer
Which toucheth the air,
And the earth takes the hue of its lightness ;
As it endeth in praise,
The sun hath his rays,
And " Amen " is the rise of his brightness.

The walk at an end,
The father and friend
Brings in the new day to the house ;
Like a flower in his hand,
It illumines his band,
And that is the day for his spouse.

Little Love.

LITTLE Love, faithful friend,
Round about thy pathway wend
Blooms of odorous rejoicing :
Stars bespangle all thy going ;
And thy non-apparent shewing
Harps of fays more tiny still are voicing.

For thou art more than sister
To Emma dear ; hast kist her
With a heart of intimate delight :
She so great to thee in shape and guise,
Hath been minished in thy little eyes,
Till she dances with thee in the night.

So God's love abounding,
And through all deeps sounding,
Lights thy life with littleness sublime.
Small as heaven's still voices round thee,
Sisters infinite of light have crowned
thee,—
Rows of rays of life from heaven to time.

What a bright procession :
God's own intercession
Loops and links them into shafts of glory :
Spiral columns they
Of double, treble day,
To grand façade of creation's story.

Thy coming is a wonder :
Lightning without its thunder,
Or lightning without clouds save music
peals :

Thy winged pearliness
Comes for unseen caress,
And o'er the cheek its loving mantle steals.

Thou sittest on her shoulder ;
Her heart-health waxes bolder ;
Thy songs are in her blood as winds in
groves :
And she shall sing like thee,
When filled with song, and free
To sing the anthem that her spirit loves.

.

'Tis what thou dost for us
That we can tell of, thus
We say thou art our friend, our fairy sister :
But what thou art thyself,
Passeth our hearts of pelf,
And all away from us thy life doth glister.

Fine providential ray ;
Angel of elder day ;
Spirit and organ of God's great intention :
He made thee, not to fail,
Though worlds and suns grow pale,
And though the moon forget his name to
mention.

So is his chosen seed
For ever put past need,
Though on no earth its tiny want be planted :
And so creation's dreams
Are peopled with thy beams,
And night's soul's soul is with thine ink-
ling haunted.

But now, dear sister mine,
The spirit hands thee wine,
Whose odor yet perchance may touch thy
sense :
'Tis in a cup of air ;
The stem of ether rare ;
And spirit is the page that bears it hence.

Oh ! sip it for our sakes :
See, in our hand it breaks
Into small foam with light drops hid between :
Thou hast then stirred the pool
With thine own golden rule,
And so thy heaven is here, and faery sheen.

'Tis of our large, gross truth ;
And so indeed, in sooth,
'Tis dear to thee because to sister good :

And in its deepest part,
It hath the heavenly smart,
And runneth ruddy with a Saviour's blood.

Did He then die for thee,
Upon the earthly tree ?
And did He rise for thee thro' heavenly sun ?
And is the race of fays
Redeemed by the praise
That his right arm from conquered mid-
night won ?

They tell me it is so :
The golden clarions blow :
The land leaps up ; the sea within his keep :
Redemption's universe
Through small and great doth pierce ;
And for thy Lord, deep calleth unto deep.

M. J. W. : her tenth birthday :

A DAY of joy
For man and boy
Comes once a year to all men :
A day of pearl
To every girl,
To great men and to small men.

The day of birth
On mortal earth
Is aye a day of wonder :
A day that lifts
To God for gifts
Of lightning, rain and thunder :

Of joy and woe,
Of measures slow
Of poesy and healing,
Of dances quick,
Of fancies thick,
Of jolly bells a pealing.

For then we came
Through nature's flame,

Led by God's hand to mortals.
We entered far
Beyond each star
Creation's wondrous portals.

Birth lived in us,
And ever thus
The great God holds our stepping :
Our life and death
And hourly breath
Are in his mighty keeping.

Then aye remember
That all life's ember
Is fire of God's great giving.
That coals of fire
And sweet desire,
Of loving and of living

Come down from Him
Whose footstep dim
Our eyes can hardly ponder ;
Yet we may know
His power below
In eyes of mystic wonder.

Now Mary dear,
Thy day is here,
Pause well and list its meaning,
'Tis washing day,
For thee to pray
For thy soul's holy cleaning.

Cast angers out,
And little doubt
That would thy young mind darken,
To parents' word
Be thy heart stirred,
And to thy Bible hearken.

For God thy Father
Would chiefly gather
Thy heart around his altar,
So go on well,
Learn truth to spell,
And thou shalt never falter

Whate'er betide ;
But hate and pride
Shall flee thy lamblike nature ;
And Christ shall come
And fix His home
Within His new-born creature.

Love sisters well :
And brother's bell
Of gladness be thy pleasure.
Think all things o'er ;
Love goodly store :
But love in prudent measure.

And friends also,
In joy and woe
Be constant friends around thee ;
And servants too ;
And nothing do
That afterward will wound thee.

Love all mankind
With tempered mind ;
Love Christ in all his sayings :
Do good around,
In truth abound,
And good shall be thy rayings.

For good we do,
And good we trow,
Return in blessed fountains.
God puts thy feet
This day, my sweet,
On spirit's newest mountains.

E. M. A.

'Tis time to sing
A votive ring
Of verse to thee, my Muse :
A spirit lay,
That lies to day
And still my pathway strews

With flower and bell,
And mystic spell
Of fragrant memory's leaves :
Bright hopes beyond,
And fancy's wand
That loveliest dreamlets weaves.

There are no flowers
In mortal bowers
Like those thy vision seeth :
There is no flight
Of sunniest light
That half so deftly fleeth

O'er glade and grass,
O'er verdant mass,

O'er woodland brown and tawny,
O'er silver stream,
O'er ocean gleam,
O'er parkland trim and lawny,—

That's half so fleet,
Or half so sweet,
As fairy land around thee :
Then hail, fay friend,
I see thine end,
The fairy race hath crowned thee.

Thou art their maid :
Thou art the braid
That binds their ways to men :
They send thee here :
They make thee clear,
That thou may'st bring to ken

The land where small
Is great and all,
The land where God is living :
The Atom Land
For ever banned
To lying and deceiving.

Where truth past hell
Doth ever dwell ;
Where truth past heaven is guarded :
Where seeds of things
First have their wings,
And life's great love is hoarded.

That land is thine,
A faery mine,
Gold less than ether's fineness :
Let not a ray
From that land stray,
Uncaught by thy supineness.

For earth awaits
The faery fates ;
They too shall lead its dances :
Then hail the child
Who's reconciled
To fays and spirit trances.

No gleam that's tost
Shall e'er be lost :
All lustrous grains are lasting.
Come on with me,
Accept thy glee,
Thine elfin dance is hasting.

Amen.

CHOSEN the theme by spirit-voice :
It doth along the way rejoice
Where man his journey hath to take,
If he would evil ways forsake.

Amen, amen, amen, amen :
It is the first of spirit-ken :
And 'tis the last of spirit-prayer :
The burden of the heavenly air.

The angels when their heads are bowed,
And they, received within the cloud,
Cry out with heart and voice the Word
That still in prayer is ever heard.

And on the shore of higher heaven,
When the soul lands among the seven,
The glory meeting every face
Hath blest Amen in its embrace.

And so among the blessed stars,
Amen hath many scimitars,
And it stands forth with robe of light,
And treads upon the king of night.

And every day that mortals groan,
Amen must go up to the throne :
And then the grief hath joy for gift,
And glory shineth through the rift.

Amen, amen, amen, amen,
Come down, dear Lord, to earth again :
And still the gloom that swells and roars
Like lion round Thy mercy's shores.

And then the prayer can ended be,
That flowed like dawn of grace from Thee :
Our Father who art in the heaven :
Amen, amen, to us be given.

Little Evening Message.

VIOLETS at even
Shut their eyes ;
Thinking most of heaven
When heaven's dyes
Are night's prize.

So it is with thee
 When thy heart,
Set by spirit free,
 Sits apart
 From world's mart.

Thou dost live afresh,
 In thy dreams :
Mounting over flesh,
 Heavenly beams
 Gild thy streams.

God is very near
 To thee then :
And mirrored in the tear
 Shed for men,
 Comes to ken.

So the day gives
 Light for duty :
And the night lives
 From day's booty,
 In love's beauty.

And nights more holy
Wait thy sense :
To the lowly,
How immense,
Providence !

The Lay of Worldly Wine.

Q. How shall the song departed be ?

A. It shall roam in Cantos three.

Q. And what is the Canto prime ?

A. It is drunkenness : his rhyme.

Q. And what is the second verse ?

A. It is drunkenness : her curse.

Q. And what is the third of song ?

A. It is drunkenness : its thong.

I.

DRUNKENNESS : HIS RHYME.

UNDER the table there ! holloa !
Over the stars ! quick bottle, go !
Empty and full, empty and full :
Brains of drunkards bright and dull.

It is the lay of lightest care :
Emptiness broodeth greatly there :

Esculent roots for pigs and hogs :
Fancy and smells for roaming dogs.

Ah ! but the drunkard's eyes are red :
Ah ! but his hand is in shaking shed :
Ah ! but his nose is buttoned up :
Ah ! but his mouth is reeking cup.

Well-a-day then, and what of that ?
Newts are long, and toads are squat :
Drunkards are good of their own kind,
Come into classification's rind.

They can't help it, for they like it :
They hold fun's flag, and never strike it ;
Gallant and free, good gentlemen,
Let them into their proper fen.

Let them sing, and let them reel :
Sliders they without orange peel :
First slide their brains, and their consciences
Slip fast and loose from their slippery knees.

They are of a genus by themselves :
And they live in the world on their proper
shelves :

And out of all sight and mind they dwell,
Fast tethered down to the goblet's spell.

The world is their pantry and cellar of drink :
And they stand by the wave, and leer on
the brink :

And sentimental-nosed, they wink :
And with their whole bodies they seem to
think.

The world shall be carved out for their plan :
And the ways be made soft, and laid with
bran :

That our second parents in falling down,
May not hurt life or limb, little finger, or
crown.

Polity too should all be construct,
That the state should exist for their own
usufruct :

And then perchance in the drunken way,
The world would roll on to alack-a-day.

This is the hip, hip, hurrah of sin,
Where drunkenness proffers his bloated skin.

II.

DRUNKENNESS : HER CURSE.

WANTON ways are wilful ways ;
So they lead to evil days :
As thou now shalt hear full soon :
Cast thine eye up to the moon.

See within her shadow-rim,
Where a beaded boat doth swim :
'Tis a living boat, and there
Whispereth an infant's prayer.

Down to earth that prayer is sailing :
Meteor-light around it trailing :
'Tis an arrow bright and fast ;
Sparkles from its plume are cast.

Shaft of sorrow, on it speedeth :
Comes to one that never heedeth :
To a man immersed in wine,
Whose poor eye glooms glassy shine.

'Tis a heaven of innocence
That hath sent a shaft from thence ;

But it falls in swamp of soul,
And it hath no real goal.

'Tis a child where lunacy
Came from out a drunkard's sty ;
And the little angel thing
Flutters with a broken wing.

'Tis the drunkard's soul indeed,
Banished to the moon ; his seed
Shed to madness, pouring down
Curses on his distant crown.

And the distance is so great
'Twixt him and his real state,
That his soul is in the moon,
And his brains are in his shoon.

So he's absent from all good :
Million miles from heavenly food :
Absence vast : oh ! Tantalus
Never was tormented thus.

See ! they meet : dire agony :
See the drunken vassal cry :
See him weep drunk body's tears :
See drunk mind in jolly jeers.

This his lot : to be distract :
Spongy, porous, incompact :
Straddling, goggling : soul wide-legged :
Vinous belly water-kegged.

Let him pass : allow him way :
Give him pavement for his play :
Pray avoid him : lest break up
Come within thy bodies' cup.

Being spacious, as he is,
Full of rooms deserted ; his
To house ghosts of every kind,
And give passage free to wind.

Leave him now a little while :
See he topples on death's stile.

III.

DRUNKENNESS : ITS THONG.

IN the world whereto thou goest,
Sooner may be than thou trowest,
Doth intemperance abound :
Born from evil's jaw profound.

Drunkards' spirits first are sent
Into vats of merriment,
Where the filling goes on bravely,
And the master's eye sits gravely.

Then the second stage is seen :
Other creatures come between :
Imps of large proportioned limb,
Stand around with flagons grim.

Into these the drunkard's head
Fitteth as its proper shed :
And his eyes, no longer red,
Take a casement of hot lead.

For the goblet is so hot,
That it is a fluid pot,
Held in keeping by the laws
Of the drunkard's sticky flaws.

Then his sight is gone indeed :
And his hearing's anxious heed
Is filled up into his head,
By the quick-intruding lead.

After this he roams about ;
And his nose is but a spout :

And his mouth is mouth of pot ;
And his taste and tongue are not.

Purple-veined his body strives :
Then he graspeth airy knives,
To tear off his roof of fate,
And unroll his leaden pate.

But in vain ; and so at length,
Shed and sunk, withouten strength,
He is but a demon bottle,
And they pour gall down his throttle.

And his use is sad indeed :
'Tis to check the devil's greed :
For he scares the very imps,
Wheresoe'er his bottle limps.

And a thousand years away,
He doth stand on devil's tray,
And decanted poison-wine,
Is the blood of all his shrine.

So be wise : for spirit-life
Is a marvel of great strife,
If the earth confirm the bad,
And the doom lie with the sad.

Tiny Evening Message.

You are washen white,
 Lambs of mine :
In the mother's light,
 Clean ye shine,
 Lambs of mine.

Ever thus prepare
 Spirit-whiteness :
'Tis a skin that's rare
 For its brightness,
 And its lightness.

For the spirit-skin
 Is white from good :
But the spots of sin
 Splash the hood
 With spirit-mud.

Then is need of washing :
 Spirit-rince :
Sorrow's water dashing
 Penitence
 O'er the sense.

And of oft-ablution :
 Evil hid :
Shunning of pollution :
 Virtue hid
 'Neath faith's lid.

So mind washing : but
 No more such spot :
Or spirit-washing will but put
 Deep in the blot,
 And scour it not.

Have Faith.

HAVE faith,—*that* wins
The crown of life,
And works with arm
Of joyous strength :
The great world spins,
Devoid of strife,
And heavenly warm
Through all her length,

Of golden days,
And nights of rest,
And peaceful seas
Of Providence :
For all her ways
By faith are blest,
And love's great ease
Is in her sense.

LORD, teach my lips what song
Doth to this night belong ?

Thou mayest of the Vala write :
Music from the Northern night :
Fitful-wild, yet function-full,
Where mankind is cold and dull.

What the name and what the theme
Of the Vala's modern dream ?—

It shall be of Balder's home
In his newer halidome.
And the name of it we trow
Is *The Second Völuspá*.

And may the theme extend to much ?
Or doth this night complete its touch ?

Perchance this night the web shall spin :
Perchance the web shall but begin.
Let faith and love be guides therein.

The Second Völuspá.

BALDER'S burden :
Breaking ages ;
Morn from moonlight
Marching southward.
Time doth tremble :
Tree of lifetime :
For the good days
Gather slowly.

Odin earthward
Emptied life-horn :
Died on Doomday,
Death of heroes.
Valhall vanquished
Vanished sorely,
In the Surtur
Serpents' firefolds.

'Twas told Balder
In hell's torchlight,—
Gods of grimness
Gone to dooms smoke.
He lay dreaming
Doleful night-times,

And with Nanna
Nursed old lovedays.

Through his slumbers
Stole wild shakings
As of battle,
Bellowing, roaring :
Hela heard them,
Hard they smote her ;
And her gateways
Groaned in sunder.

From the conflict
Came the doomspark
That lit lustre,
Life's arising,
In the dark-realm
Where the damned world
Drank the dismal
Doomworld's waters.

But now Balder
Broke the softness
Of the evil's
Earth-hold weary :
And the Peaceful
Purged his death-blow,

And his golden
Gear grew round him.

And his sword-edge
Seemed to sharpen,
While he clove through
Hela's curtains :
And the night-world
Opened night-wise,
As when sunbeams
Smite the darkness.

And the White God
Waved his standards
In the air of
Upper morning :
And the morning
Moved to meet him,
From new sun-world,
Surtur's slaughter.

Then came all the
Upper God-powers ;
Balder sat then
Beaming gladness :
And the glory
Going forth there,

Wrapped the realm of
Earth in richness.

So when Valhall
Veered to doomsday,
Pearl of Godhead
Plucked from Hela,
Met Forseti :
Mingled mildly,
Council's courage :
New creation.

I see further :
Fatal curtains
Drawn asunder,
Doom is shewn me.

Ages open :
Time is even :
Balder bringeth
Beam of life-world.
He is coming,
Crying dearly,
" Light for mortals,
Loometh northwards."

Who the Hero?
Who the harvest-
Seeker, shoreward,
On the Sea-land?
It is even
As the morning
Comes unclouded,
Inkling noonday.

And Forseti,
Far in wonder,
God of deepness,
Deep of justice,
Renders rigor
Rare of truth word
To the newness
Nooning in him.

So they ponder
Past their godhood,—
Where is time gone?
Tameness emptied?
For the newness
Nooning in them
Carries godhood
Greatly outwards.

So they find out,
Far beyond them,
Light above them,
Living, breaking :
And their god-hearts
Go and wander
In the newness
Nooning round them.

And they render
Ripe obeisance
To the Unknown
Author's light-love :
And within that
World of newness,
Lo a dwarf-world
Dwindling near them.

It was mankind,
Munching chestnuts,
Fearing love-world,
Light beshivering :
And the dwarf-world,
Dark and drear-world,
Yet was their world,
Yea, was Balder's.

And then saw they,
Sure and certain,
Why the Valhall,
Vanished surely ;
For the mankind,
Munching chestnuts,
Were the rootlets
Of the wrong-world.

Old Yggdrasill,
Earth and sky-tree,
Had in Hela
Hold and fastness ;
But in mankind,
Munching chestnuts,
Stood its sap-life
Sure and certain.

So they looked up
To the light veil,
And a glory
Glowed more nearly :
And it told them
All the trueness
Of the Great One,
Glory-circled.

And that Valhall,
Vast in heroes,
God-enchanted,
Goodly Valhall,
Was but earth-steam,
Dome of endless
Man-arisings,
Many natured.

And that God was
Greater, greater,
E'en then godhood,
Elder godhood :
And that mankind,
Munching chestnuts,
Was the rot that
Ruined Valhall.

And that Odin,
E'en of baseness,
And that Thor of
Thew of weakness,
And that Gods all
Of un-godhood,
Died and rotted,—
Valhall's ruin.

And that Doomer
Down had ventured,
Not from Gimli,
Glory's footstool,
But from Godhead,
Far past godhood,
Down to earthways :
Dustward drooping.

And that Baby
Born in weakness
Was the root-form,
Righteous-robing :
And the old gods
Ever pondered,
Wise, and love-wise,
What the End was.

Then the light veil,
Thinner light veil,
Robed revealing
Righteous wonders :
And they saw that
Sere Yggdrasill's
Roots and rootlets
Ran with life-sap.

And the old tree,
Aspen love-shook,
Music-laden,
Quaked with joy-moans ;
For the man-roots
Moaned with music,
And the star-flowers
Shook with love-notes.

For the great God,
Baby great God,
Beat back ill-fire
Out from all things,
And His mankind,
Munching chestnuts,
From the Great God
Grew to gladness.

For the Great God
Grew to Brother,
And to Father,
And to Friend ;
And from Him then,
Elder creature,
Roots of mankind
Rose uprighted.

And so Balder,
Bearing all things,
Came to earth too,
Even-freighted,
And he took up
Toil for mankind,
Roots of love-tree,
Roots of life-tree.

And Yggdrasill,
Ash love-shaken,
Combed and cared for,
Came to freshness;
And her serpents
Shed their slough-skins,
And lost harmful
Life-destructions.

But when Balder,
Beaming-hearted,
Saw the sun-world,
Saw the shadows
Of the evil
Ever lessening,
Then he strook his
String of harp-song.

“ In the Northland,
Nigh the Iceland,
Rays are rising,
Righteous glories :
'Tis the northshine
Nooning round us ;
Night is swooning ;
Sways and trembles.

“ Earth has died down :
Odin's earthway :
Thor hath left his
Thews of thunder.
Mankind mingles
Mead of gladness,
With our godhoods
Glory mated.

“ Earth is there still,
Earth of substance :
Old Yggdrasill's
Elder Truth-bone.
Lo, New Vision :
Vanished Valhall
Sweeps from Surtur's
Serpent fire-folds.

“ Valhall’s new name,
Never tarnished,
Odin’s new name,
Eldest newness,—
Spirit—spirit,
Sunshine’s sister,
Bride of Godhead,
Glory’s playmate.

“ She comes sailing,
Swimming world-wide,
And eternal
Air about her ;
Spirit saileth,
So Yggdrasill
Shakes sedately,
Spirit-shaken.”

So the Vala,
Veering worldward,
From her heaven hill
Heaves her anthems.
She on heaven hill
Heard of Christ-man,
God of greatness
Gone to conquest.

And tho' mingled
Far in moonlight,
Palaced moonlight,
Pale with splendor,
Yet she knoweth
Newer day-star
O'er Yggdrasill,
Ash love-shaken.

And as time-wind
Travels farther,
Godhead-freighted,
Gathers wisdom,
Love of mankind,
Much benighted,
Stirreth vision's
Veering vortex.

So at Yuletide,
Yester-world song
Floweth feeble,
Flickering lamplight :
But she dwelleth
Deep where moonlight
Shineth Godward,
Sun-completing.

A little Message for my Wife.

DOTH it not seem, dear wife,
 As though the band of life
 Was wove throughout by mere Almighty
 fingers.
 For day by day it grows,
 Like a most fragrant rose,
 And yesterday's sweet scent in this day's
 lingers.

It is as though some flame
 Wove through it; and it came
 Corded with fire, until love's incarnation
 Poured through it blood of hope,
 And made its fibrils ope
 With beauteous lines into regeneration.

So heaven comes through, and through,
 And elements all new
 Are added to our being as it groweth :
 Wind is our earliest breath ;
 Thought putteth in it faith ;
 And flowery last with love's fair warmth it
 bloweth.

Life is a treasure cup,
We offer its wine up,
And heaven doth take the goblet from our
hands :
We see in cloudy grasp,
'Tis far above our clasp,
And round it circles, sky-born, heavenly
bands.

Then 'tis again our own,
The wine within it grown
By its own vintage of the empurpled skies
Of love and truth well blent,
Is our new element,
And that wine lights the wells of spirit-
eyes.

So is it ours, and so,
Not ours ; and thus we go,
Uncertain of ourselves, if self is self ;
'Tis well it should be thus ;
For we are in the noose
Of vanity, and pride, and worldly pelf.

And much uncertainty,
Doth breed a spirit free,

Of humble looseness from the world's old
baits :

And not to know our way,

Doth hinder us to stray

Within the purlieus of the certain fates.

So Providence has rule :

The fool doth go to school,

And learns his lessons' fear with earnest
seeking :

And so the man of art

Admitteth heaven's good part,

And men of state see heaven thro' empire
breaking.

The moral of the whole,

Is this for human soul,

That one day's ills are quite enough for
mind :

And that the voyage opes ;

And that the sunniest slopes

Within good trust of God his sailors find.



Charlotte Brontë.

THOU art the chosen one
To tell a tale of mine,
That long ago was done,
And fell beneath my eyne ;
But never yet was writ,
Because it was too soon :
For mortal shade did flit
Across my spirit-moon.

Now then the tale begins :
Upon a day it fell,
That a poor man of sins
Rested beside a well ;
And in the waters deep
He saw his visage plain :
He broke those waters' sleep
With his poor eyes tear-rain.

Because he thought of times
When once his mother dear,
Taught him his kneeling rhymes,
And pointed to God's fear ;

And when his sister's hand
Was white within his own :
And when the heaven was scanned
That loves o'er childhood's zone.

He sat him down to sigh,
And sat him down to grieve :
The moon was up on high,
Faint seen in earliest eve ;
And lo ! beside his seat
Of mossy turf so green,
He felt a gentle heat
As from a face unseen.

And as he wondered what
Might be the genial feel,
And felt within the spot
A glow that did appeal,
Lo ! in his hand a flower
He had not seen before :
He picked it in an hour
When he knew not its store.

It was a daisy once
To little sister given,
And now come back in trance,
Handed him out from heaven :

He looked upon its eye,
And on its morning leaves,
And then he heard a sigh
As of a bird that grieves.

A little prisoned bird
Let forth from out its flower
A melody that stirred
The dreariness of the hour :
It was so very strange
A daisy cup should be
The place of prison's range
Unto a bird of glee.

And having sat a time
On this memorial stone,
He heard the church-bell's chime :
It told the hour of one :
And now he took his staff,
And rose from off his seat :
And next his lips did quaff
A bottle's fever heat.

The day reeled round him then :
The royal noonday fled ,
And in a swinish pen
He weltered with the dead :

And then I saw him lie
Where many gravestones were :
And one unwholesome sigh
Sickened in all the air.

Another scene came forth :
Another curtain lifted :
A scene of different worth :
A life more mildly gifted :
A Lady of the Lake—
One of the lake of dawn,
When light doth snowdrops make
Upon spring's shadiest lawn.

She sat beside a board,
And had a silver wand :
And from its petals poured
A lyric sweetly fond :
Soft like fine evening's red
When skies are all in love,
And when the world is wed
Unto the ruddy grove.

She managed all her lines
As pencilled flowers are set :
And every beauty shines
Because 'tis pity wet :

She sat out late at night,
And had no grave on earth ;
Because her heart's delight
Knew never spirit dearth.

And so she was translated
Into a golden hour ;
And her heart gently mated,
Grew into a new power :
And that was all her dying :
That she ceased seeing things
From which the life is flying ;
And that she put on wings.

She is not here : another
Is now before the glass :
A shape whose life is mother
To mysteries that pass
And beckon with wild glances
To other shapes of ire :
And in their eye-deep trances
Stand gulfs of Northern fire.

But she is going too,
Because she is incessant ;
And did she stay, would rue
The beauty and the pleasant :

And these are yet to tell :
Because the end is good :
And where the end is well,
The means are still its food.

Now still another scene :
Heaven opens : earth is far :
The moonlight stands serene
Around each silver star :
The couch is spread, of whiteness :
And slumber's hour arrives :
Death comes : and Death's Politeness
The weary wanderer shrives.

Day dawns : a band is gathered
Upon the hills of God :
A sixfold band, once fathered
In Western Yorkshire's sod :
They live on hill-tops still,
But fertile mountains now,
Because o'er every hill
The love of life doth glow.

And they have stories strange,
If you would hear them out :
The world hath little range :
The world hath fever's rout :

But here the fire of beauty
Lights all things into one ;
And unity of duty
Is God's name for the sun.

So take this message first,
And others if you please :
The earliest day was nursed
When care had ceased to tease :
And tell the age you live,
That I am still the same :
Only that God doth give
New life, new love, new name.

John Flaxman.

Lo ! he cometh to the world he left :
Lo ! he seeketh that which is bereft :
Lo ! the gladness waveth from his brow :
For the seed-time is advancing now.

Out from all the store of all the past,
On a day when memory shadow cast,

He did draw a handful of good treasure,
And he sowed it round in liberal measure.

But one thing he lackēd, but one thing :
For his muse had lost a heavenly wing :
And the life creative was her want,
And her wing did lower creatures haunt.

So the heavenly training took a shape,
And the modeller who must not ape,
Was instructed by the spirit quires,
How to carve the music of their lyres.

O'er his head a band of music's fires
Strook with rapid fingers memory's lyres,
And his chisel and his hand must play,
And give music notes creative way.

So he took his amethystine clay,—
It was pure and glowing with the day,—
And it was the instrument of song,
Thōrough which the music bars did throng.

And when he had worked a little while,
Lo! the clay did brighten to a smile,
And like Memnon's statue, morning broke
From its Lips of harmony, and spoke.

And the statue said : " One purpose lives
Through all bosoms ; and in heaven it
thrives :
It is music : it is love : and one
Wells that clear white purpose from the
throne."

So he took his chisel up again,
And he caught a second music rain :
And the Ears of that now living stone
Seemed attentive-bent to every tone.

But at length the choir of angel-voice
Into golden silence did rejoice :
Then the chisel fell into a swoon,
And the Eyes then opened royal noon.

And they spoke again : the silent eyes :
It was music's light in loving dyes ;
And they said : " Another thing now learn :
Every stone shall have a heart to burn."

So he threw his chisel to the ground :
And around the stone his arms he wound :
And he gave it Heart out of his heart :
And the glory shone upon its part.

For the brow by that same act of life,
 Had got light for its own heavenly wife ;
 And the brain got mind, and the ears sense :
 And life and love took all their radiance
 thence.

And now Flaxman worketh with his heart,
 And heaven doth make him sculptures from
 that smart,
 And he would fain his brethren chiselled
 too
 With that bright wand that runneth with
 heaven's dew.

The Tears of Swedenborg.

*The Last Judgment has been
 accomplished.*

COME, let us talk together,
 My people, let us speak :
 The world hath wintry weather,
 And the world's heart is weak :

Our faces should be strong,
And our arms gladsome too ;
For heaven doth now prolong
His reign of Good and True.

But I have somewhat still
To say to all my friends :
For New Heaven is a hill
Whose lesson never ends :
Mine earthly workings all,
Though ordered by the Lord,
Were still but poor and small :
But now I live the Word.

And so it is with you :
The realm of life is vast :
And far within its blue
Are other fortunes cast :
The realm of Providence
Is living beyond life :
And the new Spirit-Sense
Is the Lamb's chosen Wife.

Mistake not gold for good,
Nor silver yet for truth :
Heaven is a living flood,
And love is living youth :

But fall not down to things
 That batten your world's men :
 Leave greatness to the kings :
 They have the worldly pen.

I have a Tear to shed :
 It falleth from my heaven ;
 And on a Church that's dead,
 Whose limbs are worldly leaven :
 It hath a silver heart,
 That tear of many days :
 It woundeth like a dart,
 Excepting when it prays.

I shed it every morn,
 And every night anew :
 It is an ear of corn
 From all my life that grew :
 The corn of sorrow's field
 For days of man's return,
 When yet the Church shall yield
 The hearts of love that burn.

It is both dew and grain :
 It is both cloud and sun :
 It is both ray and rain :
 Its mission hath begun :

Through just one hundred years,
As clocks should count them out,
That dewiness of tears
Hath kept one constant route.

It falleth most to day,
Because it nears its ground,
Whereon its feet shall pray,
And wake the garden's wound ;
And wheresoe'er it fall,
Upon what soil you will,
There blossom-lights, first small,
Then larger, it shall spill.

But if it falleth not,
The ground will be too hard,
And the poor empty plot
With brownness will be scarred :
So let me weep awhile,
For heaven abounds in tears,
And the love-sun doth smile
Only from sorrow's cheers.

My birthday hath just gone,
A deathday drear it was :
A corpse was left alone :
A crowd did see it pass :

It stank like Lazarus,
 And reeked with death's conceits ;
 And it cried : " Who like us
 Can feel life's glorious beats !"

And as the bearers went,
 And chimed with heavy feet,
 And half did feel the scent
 That other men did meet,
 The body raised its hand
 Galvanic to its head,
 And beckoned to a band
 That knew not it was dead.

And they came trooping up,
 And trod with heavy shoon,
 And pointed to a cup
 Made out of a half moon ;
 A sickle of a thing,
 Most like a Turkish star,
 And it had in it sting
 Of wine of wordy war.

And they gave down the pot,
 And gave the corpse to drink,
 And then it took its lot,
 And looked into the brink,

And that insanest wine
Shewed the corpse face, itself,
And then it looked divine
Down in the madness shelf.

But from the heaven a drop
Of amber light did fall,
And perching on the cup,
Resisted the wine's thrall ;
And grew into a man,
And trod the wave of woe,
And then a newer plan
Right through the wine did go.

It was spilt out in dust,
And dried where'er it fell,
And it put out all lust
Where'er it touched his shell ;
For lust that is not wet,
Is past and gone and spent :
And so the dust we get,
Is oft in mercy sent.

And where the cup had stood,
A man was standing now,
With sunlight for his hood,
And lovelight for his brow ;

And the ray from his feet,
Brass-radiance burning white,
Was the wide world's new heat,
And did upmelt it quite.

And he, the elders said,
Is the New Church to day ;
A man, not woman-wed,
Yet a man born to pray :
And he hath much to do,
And still more to repent ;
But he hath mercy's shoe
For sorrow's journey lent.

And he hath Freedom's brain,
And he hath Lowliness
His mantle to unstain,
And he hath Love for dress :
And he hath Love for heart,
As soon as heart comes down :
And Spirit is his part,
For it is his Lord's own.

May 28, 1857.

She that bore thee.

THY mother : so she was :
But so she is not now :
Yet thou shalt see her pass,
And thou shalt feel her brow :
She standeth o'er thy days,
Far over them indeed :
And watcheth all thy ways :
That is, doth see their seed.

She is within thy home ;
Within thy home to be,
Unless thy feet shall roam
Too wildly to be free :
She is within thy heaven :
The mansion of thy line :
And there she loves the seven,
And knoweth the divine.

Hark ! music stealeth o'er :
Hark ! silver clarions talk :
Lo ! on the blessed shore
The silver warriors walk :

They walk in pairs and pairs :
Each warrior is one pair :
And through the twin-born airs
Bloom twin-lived graces fair.

Thy mother is amid :
Her blessed shadow comes :
Her form of light is hid :
But still her presence blooms :
She stands upon the sea :
The sea is gladness here :
The footsteps of the free
Sink not in waters clear.

She rises to the brink :
Twain children of the day
Have come down there to drink
The freshness of the spray :
It is the heavenly sea :
And all its foam is gift :
The wishes of the free
Do there the waters lift.

She stoopeth down with them ;
And dippeth in the mere :
And lo ! a ruddy gem
Shineth far down and clear :

It is a pearl of blood,
That pity once did love :
It liveth in the flood,
Nor thence would willing rove.

But see ! it riseth up,
And moveth to her gaze :
And now it is a cup,
But still with ruby rays :
It standeth in her hand :
It talketh to her wrist :
It hath a golden band
That hath her armlet kist.

She lifts it upward now :
Upward from out the wave :
And it sheds o'er her brow
A redness from its cave :
And now she loseth sight,
And gaineth other eye ;
And now she moves to right,
And murmurs heavenly sigh.

The sea has past away :
That drop has slain the sea :
And now a deeper day
Awaits her on the lea :

Only the cup lives still,
Like Pharaoh's cups of yore,
When Israel took his fill
From out blind Egypt's store.

And now a mansion stands
Upon a murmuring lake :
It is not built with hands,
Nor doth from memory take :
But it is new as life,
And never was before :
And all its stones are rife
With most melodious lore.

And she is there by day,
For 'tis her waking state :
But when the moon doth pray,
And when the sleep hath fate,
Her deeper ancestors,
Those nearer to a throne,
Take her to other shores,
Where others are alone.

And there she meeteth one
She never knew on earth,
And yet his light is gone
From one she knew in birth :

But this one, thus on high,
And trammelled to the stars,
Hath penetrating sigh,
With one on earth that wars.

And Order's mighty swans,
That sail the founts of things,
Where unmade glory runs,
And where God giveth wings,
Have sung a song for her,
Above her deepest dream,
That her life yet shall stir
The bark of muddy stream.

And that within that boat,
A man that sitteth bent,
Shall yet to eastward float,
And yet have spirit lent :
And then she wakens up,
And tho' in heaven she wakens,
She tastes not of its cup,
But out from heaven she beckons.

But sometimes still she sighs,
And like a widow grand,
She veils her moving eyes,
And bendeth down her wand,

And walks with brow beholding
The violets of the world,
And marks the lily's moulding,
And sees the daisies pearled.

But no regrets escape her,
Because she has to wait :
She trims her silver taper,
And gardens her estate :
And mindeth friends who heed her,
And hath employ of good :
And God doth gently speed her
Upon His memory's flood.

And when the evening saileth
From out the morning's rift,
And when the world-light paleth,
And other light doth lift,
She comes to all her sons,
And to her line she rays,
And dream-light o'er them runs,
And nourisheth their days.

For dream-sleep is God's field :
He sows the angels there :
And He sows thy world's yield,
And plants all heavenly care :

And dreams are deep, deep, deeper :
For man and angels too ;
And all that is, is sleeper,
And God is waking true.

NOTE.

THE history of this little volume may be told in a few words.

It is written by a new method, partly explained in the title, IMPROVISATIONS.

Last Autumn my attention was particularly directed to the phenomena of drawing, speaking, and writing, by Impression : and I determined to make an experiment of the kind, in composition, myself. The following Poems are the result. Let me now explain more precisely what is meant by Writing by Impression, so far as my own personal experience is concerned ; for I cannot refer to any other.

A theme is chosen, and written down. So soon as this is done, the first impression upon the mind which succeeds the act of

writing the title, is the beginning of the evolution of that theme; no matter how strange or alien the word or phrase may seem. That impression is written down: and then another, and another, until the piece is concluded. An Act of Faith is signalized in accepting the first mental movement, the first word that comes, as the response to the mind's desire for the unfolding of the subject.

However odd the introduction may be, I have always found it lead by an infallible instinct into the subject.

The depth of treatment is in strict proportion to the warmth of heart, elevation of mind, and purity of feeling, existing at the time: in other words, in proportion to the conditions of Love and Faith.

Reason and Will are not primary powers in this process, but secondary; not directive, but regulative: and imagination, instead of conceiving and constructing, only

supplies words and phrases piecemeal : or however much it receives, it is as a disk on which the subject is projected ; not as an active concipient organ. Another power flows in ; and all the known faculties lend their aid to make way for it. Those faculties are indeed employed in *laissez faire* in its inward intensity ; which is another name for Faith.

Laissez faire in the present state of the world, is so active a vortex, and so fiery, that few persons dare to see its consequences. All men will see them though, because Providence comes in with marvels wherever self succumbs itself.

In placing reason and will in the second place, it is indispensable for man, whose highest present faculties these are, to be well assured what is put in the first place. Hence, Writing from an Influx which is really out of your Self, or so far within your Self as to amount to the same thing,

is either a religion, or a madness. I know of no third possibility. In allowing your faculties to be directed to ends they know not of, there is only One Being to whom you dare entrust them : only the Lord. Of consequence, before writing by influx, your prayer must be to Him, for His Guidance, Influx, and Protection. And you must have faith that that prayer is answered, according to your worthiness, in that which flows in. The Faith is the acknowledgment of the gift, which becomes an ever-enlarging cup, for receiving fresh gifts, or fresh Influx.

This appears to me to be the genuine position of a Spiritual Church ; and it may be coextensive with all acts of mankind. Swedenborg tells us, that in the consciousness of heaven, all the angels live “as of themselves” with immeasurably greater distinctness and individuality than men in the world ; and this, because they acknowledge in every act, thought, and love, that

all Life and Good and Truth are from the Lord. They feel that they are themselves : they know that they are the Lord's. This very fact gives them a selfhood of a new order out of the Divine Wisdom ; and thenceforth they are, what men are not, real Selves. Now this abstraction as it seems, is the Eternal-Practical part of the human world, and the Eternal spring of all the new activities of mankind.

How so ? Because men have it in their power now, in a New Church, to make that same acknowledgment in mind and life ; and by so doing, to receive that Spirit which is the source of life, and the productive energy of the Good of Heaven. " As in heaven, even so upon the earth." Our Lord would not have instructed us to pray thus, unless the prayer could be granted.

In any walk of life, however humble, or however high, there are two general requisites for a heavenly development. The first

is, an unremitting assiduity in all that naturally concerns the subject: the entire knowledge and manipulation and progress of the thing, so far as industry can attain them. This gives the human materials. The second is, the heart's Prayer to the Lord, for His aid, and the mind's Faith that that prayer is answered in the asking. The resulting actions of the man who brings these materials, and receives by acknowledgment these spirituals, will form a part of the ever-progressive heaven of the special branch which it is that man's privilege to be employed to portray.

Men and societies thus capacitated from on high, will become conscious organs of the Divine Love and Wisdom, and fear will recede from their back parts, and night will be trodden under their feet, and light will be kissed by their foreheads.

This little volume, which I neither value, nor undervalue, is one man's earliest essay

to receive with upstretched palms some of these long-travelling, most-unnoticed, and yet unchangeable and immortal rays. It was given just as the reader reads it: with no hesitation; without the correction of one word from beginning to end: and how much it differs from other similar collections *in process*, it were difficult to convey to the reader. Suffice it to say, that every piece was produced without premeditation or preconception: had these processes stolen in, such production would have been impossible. The longest pieces in the volume occupied from thirty to forty-five minutes.* Altogether about fifty hours of recreation, after days not unlaborious, are here put in print. The production was attended by no feeling, and by no fervour; but only by an

* The poem called *The Second Völuspá* (pronounced Völyspou), the longest in the book, occupied from fifty to sixty minutes. As a rule, it requires twice as long to copy a poem, as to write one.

anxiety of all the circumstant faculties, to observe the unlooked for evolution, and to know what would come of it. For the most part, the full import of what was written, was not obvious until one or more days had elapsed: the process of production seemed to put that of appreciation into abeyance.

Many of the Poems are written by Correspondences, as Swedenborg terms the relations which natural objects bear to spiritual life; or to the varieties of Love, which is the grand object of all. Hence it is the readers of Swedenborg who will best understand this class of Poems.

It is evident also, that to the New Church, and to none other, can belong the gift of a progressive, because heavenly Spiritualism. There are three reasons for this; each invisible to the world; and invincible by the world.

I. The New Church worships the Lord alone, as the only God of heaven and earth:

the Lord in His Divine Humanity. This is the essential of Divine influx. Because the Lord can then guide the heart and mind and life, according to their recipiency of his divine qualities; and this guidance is heaven. But where three persons, or an abstraction, are worshipped, heaven is not.

II. The New Church receives the Divinity of the Word in the internal or Spiritual Sense, as well as in the external or natural: and this Spiritual Divinity constitutes heaven.

III. The New Church has received the beginning of the knowledge and doctrine of Correspondences, in the writings of Swedenborg: and it is by the Correspondences of the Word, that heaven is conjoined with earth.

We may sum up the position thus. Without the Lord Jesus Christ, acknowledged as Sole Divine, there is no intelligible divine influx for man: without the Word, which is the Lord accommodated to all spheres, there

is no heaven : and without the perception of Correspondence, which is the harmony of God in all things, there is no access to heaven : consequently, no power by which the human being can be spiritualized, or lifted above the earthly spheres.

Any man may indeed penetrate into the spiritual ; but unless by these divine acknowledgments, it will merely be the natural spiritual : the passage beyond, which does not lead upwards. The next phases of SPIRITUALISM will shew where verity lies ; by shewing to what acknowledgements the Lord God gives the powers of Progressive Revelation.

The New Church has not taken up its privilege as a divinely spiritual Church. It has been a faithful Librarian of Swedenborg ; a Church School of Knowledges, and Doctrines. But whenever can there be A CHURCH that is not a Church of Gifts ? No man can make himself ; still less can a

Church. THE SPIRIT in all its universality is the proffered Gift of the New Jerusalem : the Spirit hymning all praises, lifting all hands in prayers that cast forth all demons : blessing all labours ; healing all sorrows : speeding all arts : peircing through all veils ; and catching the reflex image of its Lord in all sciences : opening heaven and hallowing earth : the Spirit to do more than can be written, is the offer of the Lord to his everlasting Church.

That New Spirit is within reach of every man in every circumstance : not confined to Art, Genius, or Calling : but being above all things, meant to flow down with the intended blessings of all things. It hath come in all ages to some : now it approacheth to the universal earth, and shall never again recede ; but the earth shall open to its descent, and the waters of all oceans become the dry places and fruitful cornlands of the Lord of the harvest.

Acknowledge the Lord, then, in all thy works, believe that He is thy might, and that His tenderness is thine affection : so is the door opened, and He that comes in to sup with thee shall himself be the new supper which He will bless to thine eternal edification.

One word more : the Purification of the Natural Life is the material ground in which the blessings of Influx are imparted. Actual and hereditary evils put aside, sins conquered, are Progress, and there is none other. These victories are skill and song all through the nuptial immensities of the heavens : and the choir points with all its voices, wider than the sunrise of all universes, to that throne of victory where He sitteth, whose inmost ray saith ineffably : “ Suffer little children to come unto me.”

J. J. G. W.

St. John's Wood.

June 3, 1857.

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